CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

MARCH 5, 1979

75¢

CHINA AT WAR



Celebrating Pierre Berton

An elegant shape is very often a reflection of quality.

Carrington

Carrington, a whisky of outstanding quality.

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

MARCH 5, 1979 VOL 92 NO 10

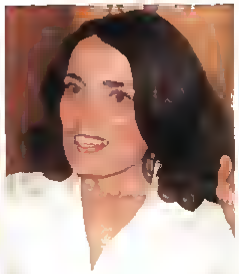


A man with an ocean to cross

After whittling a 40-foot canoe from a Douglas Fir Geordie Tocher sailed the Pacific and sat off an anthropological controversy **Page 4**

Going beyond reason

She smoked dope at 24 Sussex Drive flirted with Cuba's Fidel Castro—and Prince Charles leered down her dress *The Earl* got the dope on Maggie's new book **Page 34**





COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY TERRY MURPHY

COVER STORY

China at war

From the moment Chinese troops invaded Vietnam the world began worrying that one small miscalculation could bring the Soviet Union to the aid of its ally Hanoi As the fighting dragged on the U N Security Council began a search for a safe solution Was China just "punishing" its neighbor as Peking claimed? An eavesdropping world watched and waited uneasily **Page 26**



Harder lives in Quebec

René Lévesque and Quebec Liberal leader Claude Ryan bring out new and colliding manifestos as the referendum approaches and Canadians ponder the future **Page 17**

The Berton Years

The media titans are having a party for Pierre Berton gathering to toast the man who did it bigger better and undeniably faster Canada's public author collects his dues **Page 46**



CONTENTS

Editorial 3
Frontlines 4
A portrait of Geordie Tocher—B C s brainy perfect folk-hero a child's play in Wales a rapeseed by any other name buffalo on the hoof
Letters 13
Canadien Newa 17
Lévesque and Ryan square off Grits fight for Ontario—Tories for Quebec breaking a jail the Northern dilemma champagne for Treu building a bigger Bricklin
The World 26
China invades Vietnam the once and future kings dine out American farmers—villains to heroes Bangladesh—new hope for the basket case Nigeria the great black hope fades
People 34
Business 36
No more oil again failing out of BED Wilder heads Consumers Gas another round of profits
Sports 40
Canada winter games where the players dared to enter Lyon's den
Labor 41
Year of the power play
Lifestyles 45
Counselling Calgary's finest
Films 51
Sally Field a working class heroine in *Norma Rae* Vanessa Redgrave and Dustin Hoffman the odd couple of *Agatha* sneak preview of George Romero's next horror flick *Get Out Your Handkerchiefs*
Theatre 54
David French's first play in four years
Allan Fotheringham/Column 56
Farewell to Wacky

MACLEAN'S established 1905, published on Thursday at 481 University Ave Toronto, Ont. M5W 1A7 Montreal Office: 625 President Kennedy Ave Vancouver Office: Ste 600 1111 Melville St. Great Britain: Maclean-Hunter Limited 30/36 Burlington Street, London W1X 2AE SUBSCRIPTION PRICES Canada 1 year $11.50 U S A 1 year $25. All other countries 1 year $30. To avoid missing copies of the magazine please send your change of address to the Subscription Department, Box 1800, Postal Station A Toronto M5W 2S8. Second class mail registration no. 1260 International Standard Serial no. 0024-9262. Contents Copyright 1979 by Maclean Hunter Limited may not be reproduced without permission. Second-class postage paid at Buffalo New York, for U S subscribers. Postmasters in the U.S. only should send form 3579 to Maclean's, P.O Box 4541 Buffalo, N Y 14240 PRINTED IN CANADA

Tired of channel changing? Relax with fingertip-easy remote control



Remote control with on/off, volume and channel selection

Our finest quality has a label of its own. Sears Best

Sears

Simpsons-Sears Limited

Editorial

Celebrating our one-man force of nature: Who does he think he is—*Pierre Berton?*



By Peter C. Newman

"Writing," novelist J.P. Donleavy once complained, "is turning one's worst moments into money." Pierre Berton, the subject of Judith Timson's story on page 46, operates on exactly the opposite impulse, turning into eminently marketable prose the best of feelings about his country, his family, his friends and his many special interests. The man's craft glows with a sense of celebrating its author, so that his 25th book seems as vital as his first.

He is, of course, very much more than a writer, having gained equal fame as a raconteur, television star, newspaper columnist, magazine editor, army of one, accessory before the fact in countless causes, and general force of nature. In a country where everyone tries desperately to keep quiet, Pierre Berton believes in making noise.

A big man with large appetites, his body language can be deafening. He has the rare and occasionally awesome gift of natural rudeness. Probably my favorite memory of the Berton brand of bombastic beastliness is sitting sometime during the late '50s in an office at *Maclean's* then being used by Robert Thomas Allen. We were quietly comparing notes about the dastardly habits of people who insist on remaining disenchanted with brilliant first versions of articles, when Berton, who was the magazine's managing editor, burst through the door, gave Bob Allen a prolonged blast about the hopelessly inadequate nature of his manuscript, and wheeled out again. Allen was crushed. In one of those moments of lucid pathos that sometimes illuminate human contact, he looked up at me and whimpered, "Who does that man think he is, *Pierre Berton?*"

If not exactly a limousine liberal, Berton is a sucker for underdogs of every variety and has been known to pledge his loyalty to the NDP from a Princess telephone on the side of his pool at his Kleinburg mansion.

But it is as a popular historian that his name and reputation will survive. He has mastered the art of making the ordinary glow with excitement, suffusing his books about the Canadian past with the retroactive ring of truth. When he describes what a hundred professional historians have written about before him, Berton makes it sound, if not exactly like reinventing the wheel, at least like rediscovering the flat tire.

Every writer has within himself a single source which nourishes what he is and what he has to say. In Pierre Berton, that invisible wellspring is a gusher which never seems to run dry.

Here is a Western Canadian of special gift and high style, opinionated, even intransigent, yet unmarked by the gloomy introspection of his calling. He liberated himself early from the narrowing vanities that leave most Yukoners standing where they began. He made his own way, creating himself in the process. That creation is today one of the most interesting and important Canadians of his generation.

Maclean's MARCH 5, 1979

Editor Peter C. Newman

Managing Editor Kevin Doyle

Assistant Managing Editor Michael Enright

News Editor Alan Walker

National Editor: Gerald Anglin

Foreign Editor: David North

Business Editor: Roderick M. McQueen

Art Director: Andrew Smith

Deputy Art Director: Angela Szabellaur

Senior Editors Robert Marshall, Lawrence O'Toole, Peter Reesch

Senior Writers Barbara Amiel, Angelo Ferrante, Warren Gerard, Judith Timson

Associate Editors Ian Brown, Michael Clugston, Anne Collins, Ernest Hillen, Marni Jackson, Harold Quinn, Tom Slater

Bureaus
Ottawa: Robert Lewis (Chief), Julianne Labreche, Roy MacGregor, Ian Urquhart
Bureau Chief, Vancouver: Thomas Hopkins (Vancouver)
Alberta: Suzanne Zwarun (Calgary) *Ontario:* Jane O'Hara, (Toronto) *Quebec:* David Thomas (Quebec City), *Nova Scotia:* Rita Christopher (Nova York)
William Lowther (Washington) *Africa:* Dan Turner

Chief of Research: Arlene Arnason

Editorial Controller: Wendy Currie-Mills

Correspondents
Edmonton: Wayne Skene *Calgary:* Dan LaRocque, *Whitehorse:* Paul Koring, *Winnipeg:* Peter Carlyle-Gordge, *Yellowknife:* Susan Rogers, *Fredericton:* David Folster, *Halifax:* Harry Flemming, *Charlottetown:* Susan Sourette, *St. John's:* Robert Pinsky

Ankara: Cameron Dueck, *Athens:* Mirhele Boulanger, *Auckland:* Edward Reynolds, *Bangkok:* David Allen, *Beirut:* Helena Cobban, *Belgrade:* Michael Dobbs, *Berlin:* Leslie Colitt, *Bogota:* Timothy Ross, *Brussels:* Peter Lewis, *Buenos Aires:* James Neilson, *Copenhagen:* Chris Follett, *Dublin:* Brendan Keenan, *Geneva:* Campbell Ballantyne, *Hong Kong:* Harold Ellithorpe, *Jerusalem:* Eric Silver, *Johannesburg:* Robin Wright, *London:* Chris Dunkley, Carol Kennedy, Ian Mather, *Los Angeles:* William Scobie, *Lusaka:* John Borrell, *Madrid:* David Baird, *Nairobi:* Stewart Sommerlad, *New Delhi:* Peter Newcombe, *Nicosia:* Andrew Borowiec, *Paris:* Marci McDonald, *Reykjavik:* Haraldur H. Hamar, *Rio de Janeiro:* George Hawrylyshyn, *Rome:* David Willey, *Sydney:* W. V. Harcourt, *The Hague:* Richard Wilson, *Tokyo:* Stephen Brunt, *Vienna:* Anton Koene, Sue Masterman

Contributing Editors
John Ayre, Allan Bailey, Ronald Bryden, Hubert de Santana, Terrence Dickinson, Philip N. Firishman, Eilir Frankel, Brenda Rabkin, John Simon, Walter Stewart
Allan Fotheringham, who appears regularly in *Maclean's*, is a columnist for *The Vancouver Sun.*

Associate Art Director: John Lovell

Art Staff: David Perry (Assistant Art Director), Susan Collins, Susan Tombe (Designers), Cheryl Shugi (Photo Editor), John Bayette, Ann Erikkson, (Photo Researchers), Shana McKay (Photo Librarian), Sylvia Wirbitzki (Art Department Assistant)

Production Editor: Thomas N. Tustin

Publisher
Vice-President, Magazine Division
Lloyd M. Hodgkinson

General Manager
Gordon Kennedy

Advertising Sales Manager: Jim Miller
Circulation Manager: Howard Adams
Promotion Manager: Robert Livingstone
Research and Sales Development Manager: Paul C. Jones
Customer Service Supervisor: Dorothy Muhr
Advertising Production Manager: Vernon Bertram

Maclean's is published by Maclean-Hunter Limited.
Chairman and Chief Executive Officer
Donald G. Campbell
President
Frederick T. Metcalf
Vice-President, Printing Division
Edward Symark

Contributing Photographers: Richard Pierre, Brian Willer
Copy Editor: Ruta Paulatis
Associate Copy Editors: Paula Renaud, Jeanette Spence
Assistant to the Editor: Helen McLachlan
Assistant to the Managing Editor: Louise Manteiga

Researchers
Marsha Boulton, Constance Brissenden, James Fleming, Ann Dowsett Johnston, Janet Furvos, Diane Rotteau
Special Projects: George Bothos
Librarian: Mary Sheppard
Assistant Librarian: Roberta Grant
Editorial Assistants
Krys Chmielewski, Ann Fujiwara, Linda Hoddinott, Frances McNeely, Carol Parker, Alison Rowley
Wire Room Attendants: Ken Asquith, John Salter

A man, a tree and an ocean to cross

By Robert Stall





Geordie Tocher at the tiller and (left) his dugout Orenda arriving in Hawaii: he hooked a tree to the Pacific wind

Geordie Tocher, British Columbia's briny perfect folk hero, has been rattling around B.C. and Alberta these days as if he were in a landlocked epilogue to his own movie. Into church halls, little theatres and school gymnasiums he takes his two cans of 16-millimetre film which tell the epic story of his high-seas odyssey last summer when he did what no other man had done for 1,400 years. Never mind that Tocher doesn't know how to thread the film onto a projector, or that his jokes aren't as good as his story, he's still the man who whittled a 3½-ton, 40-foot canoe out of a B.C. Douglas fir and sailed it across the Pacific Ocean. With two companions he forged through unruly seas to Hawaii, literally logging 4,500 miles from Vancouver to Waikiki Beach in order to show that Canadian Indians could have been the original Hawaiians. The voyage touched off an anthropological controversy stretching all the way to the South Pacific, as well as a wave of folk-hero fascination in Tocher back home. Now he's trying to support himself by showing groups his film which powerfully conveys, at $2.50 to $3.50 a head (kids and senior citizens, $1), the story of himself and a couple of trees and their significance in an ocean of time and space.

In God's Country, B.C., where folk feel blessed that their trees stand tallest and their ocean rolls farthest, Tocher's a natural. Six feet tall, 225 pounds, a tam always capping his long hair and a lumberjack shirt on boulder shoulders, he looks like a cross between a Scottish hippie and a B.C. logger, the latter of which he has been for more than 20 of his 51 years. Since the age of 13 he has topped at least 50,000 trees—more, he figures, than anyone else in the province. He has also been a wood sculptor, house builder, air pilot, sky diver, deep-sea diver and general adventurer. He ran tours from Vancouver to Panama in an old bus, shot the Hell's Gate rapids in a dinghy, conducted rubber raft tours of the Fraser Canyon and sold clothing in the Yukon. ("I always tried to work like the dickens for a few weeks, then take off and run a river or climb a mountain.") In between and over the years he cleared hundreds of acres of land, fathered two daughters, built a dozen log houses, the world's two largest waterwheels and two double-hulled Haida Indian war canoes. The canoes made him a hero and cost him five of the last 10 years and all his money. Now he's trying to pay the bills by showing his movie.

Tocher would never use the word "hero" and, when asked to explain why he sailed the Pacific in a log, almost blushes when he says, "Adventure, I guess." He's no big-mouth hustler/daredevil but a guy whose strongest words are "dickens," "gosh" and "gee whiz," delivered in a voice softer and meeker than Meeker. His movie was shot without narration, because of the cost, so Tocher stands in darkened halls explaining the action like a cousin showing home movies of Hawaii. The film, shot partly by himself and partly by cameramen friends, was edited with polish. The 90-minute result is a knockout journey through emotional flurries that cause crowds to clamor around with questions long after the last scene. Still not known is whether B.C. Indians did settle Hawaii or whether trees have feelings. And nobody asks big, tough Tocher about the yellow rubber ducky atop one of the masts. (It is one of 50 in his rubber duck collection at home. "Some of them go quack-quack-quack across the floor when you wind them up," he confesses later.)

Last year's voyage was his second try in his second canoe, both of which were named Orenda, an Iroquois word for a spiritual power derived from being tuned to the elements. The first tree was cedar, the wood the ancient Haidas usually used in their boats. (The Haidas were master boatbuilders around 500 AD. Some anthropologists, including the Kon-Tiki adventurer Thor Heyerdahl, say that around this time the cross-Pacific sailings took place.)

The Haidas, when they sought the right tree, used only "nature's highways," Tocher tells his audience as he introduces the opening scenes of his movie, *The Odyssey of the Orenda*. And there he is up on the screen, Tocher in 1968 with shorter hair, paddling, paddling, tramping for a year along the coastlines and rivers north of Vancouver, looking for the right cedar. But the lumber mills have taken the best ones along the shores and Tocher finally compromises and hikes up an old loggers' road. He finds it—seven feet in diameter, 200 feet tall, straight as a Polaris missile pointed at the gods. To one of them in particular, the god Kane of the Kwagulths (Kwakiutls), Tocher gave a special prayer that the tree would not break when he cut it. He pulled the cord on his Pioneer chainsaw and in 10 minutes accomplished what took the Haidas a week. "I did it the Pioneer way," he jokes to the audience.

The Haida boatbuilding regimen, Tocher says, dictates that the carver must neither comb his hair nor engage in sexual activity from the moment his tree is felled until the boat is completed. (Cue for another joke. "But as everyone knows, a person should comb his hair now and then.") Then came two years of sawing, chopping, chiseling, carving, often with the rain streaming down his collar. This craft was 50 feet long, 4½ feet wide, splendidly worked and tapered and fated to crack up off California. It was lashed to a half-size replica (made during off moments) which served as an outrigger and launched with great hoopla from West Vancouver. Among the well-wishers at dockside was 71-year-old George Tocher, Geordie's father, who was once a guide and trapper in northern Alberta and British Columbia. In the '20s the Indians called him the "Wild Man of the North." In 1971 George Tocher was dying of cancer and he would not allow anyone to tell Geordie because he didn't want him to delay the voyage. For good luck he wanted to be the one to push off the Orenda, but when the time came it floated just out of his reach. "I've never in my life seen such a look of disappointment on anyone's face," said Geordie, who didn't then know why.

The Orenda was destroyed three weeks later on a reef at Bodega Head, 30 miles north of San Francisco. The Bolex camera was one of the first things saved, then crewmate Dave Moon remorselessly recorded Tocher frantically wading back and forth from the splintered wreck, rescuing in his craziness all kinds of useless items including 20 gallons of B.C. drinking water. Pieces of the broken Orenda were piled like kindling on the beach. Tocher left them there, as the first reel ends. The scene is heartbreaking and so are the quiet words of the carver, talking about it seven years later. "I thought, 'Gee whiz, can I ever do it again?'" His father died the next year.

Broke and dispirited, Tocher spent five years sculpting and working and scraping together cash until, in 1976, his second chance came. The city of West Vancouver gave him an enormous Douglas fir that had been felled in a municipal park. It was almost 300 feet long, nine feet in diameter and 600 to 800 years old. Two more years of carving and it was down to 40 feet by six feet, shorter, wider, more stable and comfortable than the first boat. Last spring the new, improved Orenda was ready. "The boat is a thing of beauty. It is a living organism," said Gerhard Kiessel, a 56-year-old West Vancouver baker who signed on as Tocher's navigator less than three weeks before the Orenda's departure last May. Kiessel, who had sailed more than 30,000 miles, was the only experienced crewman aboard. "It was the ultimate challenge to me. The purity and simplicity of the boat was irresistible. I'd have done anything

PORTRAIT

THE STORYBOOK BEAUTY OF BRITAIN

from just $37 per person per day including accommodation, full breakfast and rental car.*

by Air Canada

Once upon a time, people thought Britain meant London. And then they began to discover the peaceful, friendly byways of Britain, where everything is still a bargain!

Air Canada's Charter Class Fares get you there so economically and, with its wide choice of flights, conveniently. And Air Canada knows scores of lovely country inns and hotels, all approved by the British Tourist Authority. Their room prices all include full breakfast.

What's more, Air Canada's prepaid vouchers guarantee your accommodation at very short notice.

Here are six typical inns. For a trip to Britain that you will remember happily ever after.



The Star, Wells, Somerset.
Typical of the old coaching inns of Britain, this 16th century charmer still boasts a cobbled carriageway. It stands within sight of Wells Cathedral, one of the most magnificent in Britain



Fortingall Hotel, Perthshire, Scotland.
Amid the purple hills and misty lochs of the Highlands, near some of Britain's finest fishing-waters, is the thatched village of Fortingall and this very comfortable inn. One of many cosy and characterful inns throughout Britain.



Slepe Hall, St. Ives, Cambridgeshire.
A spacious country mansion near the mediaeval town of St. Ives and such famous sights as Cambridge, Ely Cathedral, Pepys' House. Its excellent cuisine features fresh local fish and game.

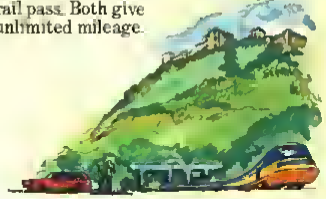


Lumley Castle, Chester-le-Street, Durham.
This real Castle, built over 700 years ago, stands in lovely parkland near the historic city of Durham. Elizabethan banquets are held in its Barons Hall, some rooms have four-poster beds



Evesham Hotel, Evesham, Hereford & Worcestershire.
This gracious Georgian hotel stands in an historic market town in the lush Vale of Evesham. Nearby are Blenheim Palace, Stratford on Avon, and the celebrated Cotswold Hills

Getting about. Thanks to Britain's compactness and its well-marked roads, getting about in your rental car is easy as well as economical. Or ask about our modestly priced Britrail pass. Both give you unlimited mileage.





Blue Bell Inn, Llangurig, Wales.
One of many delightful inns and guesthouses in the lovely land of Wales, this pretty 16th century inn stands by the river Wye. Trout and salmon fishing, golf, swimming, tennis, riding. Good country food, too!

Getting there. Air Canada flies to Britain nearly every day. And our schedules allow come-and-go flexibility, with charter class fares from $299** from Toronto or $399** from Vancouver. (Call Air Canada or your travel agent for advance purchase details.)

Free copies of Air Canada's "Inn Britain" programme and BTA's "Britain, a Land to Explore" are available at your travel agent. Useful and reasonably-priced tour planners and accommodation guides are available through any Classic, Coles or W. H. Smith Bookstore.

AIR CANADA
BRITAIN

*Accommodation price per person per day, double occupancy based on minimum of 7 days including full breakfast and rental car with unlimited mileage. Excluding air fare. Tour No. 1T9AC1FRSH2

**Valid until April 12, 1979. Subsequent departures at other prices.

to go on that trip," he said The third crew member was Karin Lind, 35, an anthropology instructor at Capilano College who lives with Tocher and went along because, "I was following the man I love" She had never sailed before Tocher, except for his 1971 failure, had sailed only inland waters

By launch time thousands of people around Vancouver harbor hung out the windows of high-rises, cheering and waving the crew on So many well-wishers crammed the Bayshore Hotal's dock that it sank 12 inches and soaked 100 pairs of feet The Orenda sailed smoothly to Seattle, arriving in two weeks Trying to duplicate the likeliest route of the Haidas, Tocher's course followed the natural currents down the U S coast to California and only then turned out to the mid-Pacific From Seattle they sailed 300 miles out from the shoreline and then south That's when the troubles began

The boat was hammered by 35-foot waves and gale-force winds and the voyage turned literally nightmarish Swiping sleep between three-hour watches, Tocher had recurrent dreams that he was back in his bus enroute to Panama, but the bus was stopped and surrounded by long, uncoiling snakes Lind's nightmares were worse She dreamed that death came and sat beside her under the front shelter His head was a bare skull Kiessel, the veteran sailor, was fine—"The bigger the waves, the bigger his smiles," says Lind Wrestles with the storm were so constant that nobody had time for the camera and there is no film of that leg of the trip The ordeal continued for three weeks before they decided to land at Santa Cruz, Calif By then Tocher was suffering from a painful kidney infection caused by severe dehydration "As crazy as it sounds, I'd forgotten to drink anything I think I was subconsciously saving water"

The slow going forced Lind to opt out of the rest of the trip and return to Vancouver to prepare her fall lectures. (Some of them deal with the Orenda's contribution to anthropological theory) When Richard Tomkies, a 40-year-old free-lance writer and friend of Tocher, visited the dock in Santa Cruz to do a story on the voyage Tocher invited him to Hawaii He accepted He, too, had never been at sea before and he later described the four-week trip as "sheer terror interspersed with moments of boredom"



Tocher, with an indian artifact, on the movie circuit. why? 'Adventure, I guess'

For Tocher it wasn't so much fear, but anxiety that weighed on him all the time on the ocean "I could see the boat breaking up a bit more every day" Tocher fixed and patched and jerry-rigged on the fly He made six new rudders during the voyage "The man is amazing," Kiessel said "Send him into the bush with a couple of tin cans and he would come out with a machine-gun With wood, he is the absolute master He is a part of his boat"

The greatest fears were back in Vancouver where, because of an inadequate radio on the Orenda, contact could not be made through most of the crossing "No Word From Geordie Oahu Bound Canoe Silent Radio Silence Mystifies Orenda Followers," said the headlines in Vancouver newspapers Lind worried "I'd have given anything to be back out there with them just to know they were all right," she said Finally, a Canadian Coast Guard vessel snagged a garbled radio transmission from the Orenda It was safe at sea and, astonishingly, 16 days ahead of schedule, just a couple of days out of Hawaii Lind caught a plane immediately and arrived at Waikiki to wait for them

Aboard the Orenda, Gerhard Kiessel was unhappy "As we were approaching Hawaii, the others' faces lit up and mine fell I didn't want the voyage to end," he said The Bolex was out and filming as the Orenda rounded the Diamond Head promontory near Waikiki Tocher and Tomkies were deliriously happy The only problem was that nobody on the beach appeared to be paying any heed to this strangest of boats to arrive in 14 centuries The Orenda lowered her sails and dallied for two hours, waiting for someone to notice Soon crowds began to mass.

A few hundred yards from the shore, Karin Lind stood on the deck of a motor launch Tocher whooped, dove into the water fully clothed and swam to her He hauled himself aboard and they leapt into each other's arms and clung as long and close as in the final scene of *Rocky* He suggested she ride in the Orenda for the last few yards of the voyage and, not knowing she could barely swim, helped her into the water Lind flailed madly and made it, and the Orenda sailed in

Hawaii's Maori Indians told the crew that they had always known their ancestors had come from around British Columbia Maori legends describe their homeland as the place where the sun rises, the trees are without leaves for six months of the year and men can walk on water The Indians threw a party for the crew a few days later and there, in full ceremonial splendor, they paid lavish tribute to the valor of the intrepid Geordie Tocher who hooked a tree to the wind and guided it across 1,400 years to their birth The ceremonies were to have taken place when the Orenda arrived, but the chance was missed because, Tocher later discovered, Teo the sentry had slipped off to McDonald's for breakfast and missed the log boat's approach

HIT THE TASTE BULLSEYE.



Vantage. All the enjoyment of top flavour tobacco in a common-sense cigarette. SMOKE SMART

Warning Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked—avoid inhaling 11 mg. tar '0 8 mg. nicotine

Stage-Coach takes its child's play to Wales



COURTESY OF STAGE COACH PLAYERS

Lang as Napi with fellow Stage-Coach Players Wendy Noel (centre) and Linda Stephens. Canadian content in demand

Four schools worth of youngsters have descended on Hillhurst Elementary in Calgary for a performance of *Napi—The First Man*. The din is terrific as Theatre Calgary's Stage-Coach Players usher their audience into place, manoeuvring lines of the chattering children into giggling rows on the gymnasium floor, helping them off with their boots, mittens and coats, explaining the Scotch pine incense stick that causes small noses to wrinkle in bewilderment or disgust. The five players ratire, then suddenly, in a burst of flame that silences the room, there is Napi—actor Duval Lang—centre front, and the performance is under way.

The play, written by Theatre Calgary's artistic director Rick McNair, from Alberta Plains Indian legends on the origin of mankind, is performed at breakneck speed and earsplitting volume with a truckload of props, including an 18-foot-high teepee that is assembled on stage. In a reversal of the usual, it is the adult actors who get to hoot and holler and yelp and dance while the mesmerized children sit silently, staring in wonder. But the youngsters, lacking the inhibitions of adult audiences, often lend a hand. When Napi ponders the furry animal he has created and wonders what to call it, the youngsters shout: "It's a buffalo." When Napi decides buffalo should climb mountains, the children yell in frustration, "No, no!"

At the end of the play they pepper the company with questions, ranging from how did Napi make fire come out of his hands to who's the producer. The most frequent query, says actor Grant Lowe, is whether Napi is God.

The players, from points across Canada and ranging in age from 20 to 27, have been performing before 40,000 Alberta children a season since their formation two years ago. Now they're off to Wales to represent Canada at the Wales '79 International Theatre Festival for Young People at the end of this month. They were asked by festival Director Robin Howarth who liked their original, all-Canadian scripts. It's an honor, but not much more than that because, although the festival will pay for accommodation and travel in Britain, the company was left to raise the $13,000 needed to get there.

The Wales appearances and a cross-Canada tour last year sponsored by the Canada Council are exciting perks for a company as young as the Stage-Coach Players. But kids are what it's all about and the company is currently prodding young audiences into submitting stories they have written. The best will be worked into a play for next season.

Suzanne Zwarun

A rapeseed by any other name...



TOM DOODS

Rapeseed growers are getting a bit tired of the simple jokes. (As in: Rape will get you $6 a bushel in Saskatchewan and six months in jail in Nova Scotia.) After all, their herb is enjoying a new vogue in the nutrition-conscious '70s as the source of Canada's largest selling edible vegetable oil gracing leafy salads everywhere. Rape is second only to wheat as a Prairie crop now (up from four to seven million seeded acres nationally since 1970). So the 60,000 or so farmers who grow it and the people who crush it are looking for a new image, commensurate with their rising position in the Canadian agricultural hierarchy.

The first thing is to deal with that untortunate name, innocently inherited from the Latin for turnip, *rapa*, *rapum*. The producers think they have the answer in a salute to the nation they would prefer that their produce henceforth be related to as: get ready... Canola.

"We never did think rapeseed could be considered the best word for a food produce," says Ken Sarsons, chief executive officer of CSP Foods of Saskatoon, a large seed-crushing firm. Besides, cross-breeding in recent years has produced an even more nutritious seed, according to the industry. A new product with a common ancestry, just like apes and man," says Stan Boullar, head of the Vancouver-based Rapeseed Association of Canada.

The association will be promoting the new handle at its annual convention in Montreal this month. Can crunchy Canola be far behind?

Rod Mickleburgh



THE McGUINNESS ATTITUDE

You're not everybody. You make your own choices. You set your own style. Nobody sells you with a label or a fancy price. You know what you like and that's what counts.
McGuinness Vodka.

Beef is pricing buffalo right into the market



WAYNE SKENE

Alberta is easily, and perhaps unfairly, characterized as a rich panorama of busy oil rigs and acre upon acre of beef on the hoof. But the fact that both oil and beef are fast becoming the most expensive commodities on the consumer's shopping list is not entirely that province's fault. The OPEC price-fixing cartel can shoulder much of the blame for the former and Canadians' long, indiscriminate love affair with thick steaks and prime roasts has a lot to do with the latter.

News that hamburger, that economical bellwether, has passed $2 a pound in some cities and that the price of beef in all forms has risen 30 per cent in a year has household budgeters jumpier than spring calves. Well, like any good Western story, this one has its hero. Enter cattleman Bill Nilsson who thinks he has the answer to the consumers' cooling liaison with beef in his herd of 97 shaggy-haired bison, more commonly known as buffalo. Nilsson, from Clyde, Alberta, plans to gamble better than $1 million on the establishment of Canada's first, fully operational buffalo ranch.

Nilsson is already the owner of one of the largest beef cattle operations in the country, with this year's business running at over $1 million a week. But he thinks buffalo could quickly become one of the most popular meats on the Canadian market—a sort of bulky gigolo interrupting a nation's romance with beef.



WAYNE SKENE

Nilsson's shaggy herd (above) and ranch workers with meat ready for market: best of all, you don't even have to feed them

Nilsson got into the buffalo business on a whim five years ago, purchasing 20 head at $600 apiece for a "hobby" herd from South Dakota's state park authorities. He decided to turn avocation into vocation and last December went after 125 buffalo being tendered by Parks Canada from the Elk Island National Park herd. "I thought I'd catch the whole lot," Nilsson says, but his bid of $700 each got him a paltry six bulls and seven cows. "It seems as if there's more interest in buffalo than I imagined."

Government officials estimate that there are only nine or 10 small-scale buffalo ranches in Canada. The industry has been thriving south of the border, however, and the National Buffalo Association, located in Custer, South Dakota, boasts 583 members, about 30 of them Canadians. It estimates the United States' buffalo population between 50,000 and 60,000—with some single herds as large as 3,000 head—and the Canadian total at a little less than 20,000.

The shaggy, hunched beast generally weighs more than beef cattle at maturity (up to ¾ of a ton compared to 1,000 pounds) and is easier to care for. Buffalo will survive the snow and harsh winter conditions of the Prairies, foraging for grass and stubble on their own, unlike cattle which have to be tended and fed regularly. "You just turn 'em loose and let 'em roam," says Nilsson.

Buffalo also dress better than beef cattle, meaning more of the animal can be used commercially—roughly 65 per cent compared to 55. Nilsson's $700-a-head investment should return him $2,100.

The meat, which tastes very much like beef, is 20 per cent lower in cholesterol and 25 per cent higher in protein by weight, and for those who suffer from allergies, buffalo meat is hypoallergenic. For an even more exotic twist, buffalo *could* hold one of the keys to a cure for cancer. According to the U.S. department of agriculture, easily two per cent of all beef cattle contract some form of cancer, but a 10 year survey conducted by department and Colorado state officials revealed that only one case of cancer was reported in an estimated 50,000 buffalo surveyed, and even that case was diagnosed by veterinarians as being externally induced. Immunologists are now trying to isolate the factors which seem to make buffalo immune to cancer.

Cattlemen are quick to point out that they don't consider buffalo a direct competition for beef. They feel it deserves its own place on the supermarket shelves alongside pork, fish and poultry. For the time being, supplies of buffalo are limited by the small herds and the fact that Parks Canada only parts with surplus animals. But what with today's price of beef and desperate talk about turning to musk ox and domesticated deer as solutions, the buffalo, historical denizen of the western plains, could return to a bigger role in the Canadian mosaic.

Wayne Skene



CP Air to the Orient.
A time-honoured tradition.

Orient Highlights Tour.
$2891 from Vancouver.
$3130 from Toronto.

If this is your year to visit the Orient, this is your tour.

It takes you to Japan, Hong Kong, Thailand, Singapore, the Philippines, even Hawaii.

Twenty-three days in all. All fully-escorted. And full of exotic highlights.

Here are just a few shining examples:

An evening at Tokyo's Kokusai Theatre. A Japanese Tea Ceremony at Kamakura. And a stroll around the Heian Shrine Gardens of Kyoto.

In Bangkok you'll see the solid gold Buddha of Wat Traimitr. Enjoy lunch at the legendary Raffles Hotel in Singapore. And attend a fabulous Fiesta Filipina in Manila.

For more highlights and a colourful free brochure, call your travel agent or CP Air today.

Prices are per person, are subject to change and include your return airfare (based on a minimum group of 10 which we assemble). Deluxe and first class accommodation (double occupancy). Nominal departure taxes not included. IT9CP1LM04. Add $107 for July and October departures.

SuperOrange 747 Service
4 times each week.

Our big, beautiful 747s fly nonstop from Vancouver to Tokyo every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Sunday.

And we also offer you same-plane service on to Hong Kong 3 times each week.

Come on along.

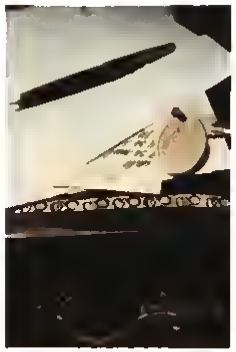
In cooperation with Japan Air Lines

"We're out to be your airline."

Throughout Canada, to Europe, Mexico, South America, California, Hawaii, Fiji, Australia and the Orient.

CP Air

CP and ◐ are registered trademarks of Canadian Pacific Limited



Everything to write home about.

The Four Seasons Montreal

Four Seasons Hotels

Montreal • Ottawa • Belleville
Edmonton • Calgary • Vancouver
Toronto (Four Seasons Yorkville)
Toronto (Inn on the Park)
London, England (Inn on the Park)
Chicago (Ritz-Carlton)
San Francisco (Clift) • Israel
Washington, D C '79

Call your Travel Agent or
Reserve Toll-Free Toronto 445 5031
Elsewhere in Canada 800 268-6282

Does Danson's army have room for 'Voxair' Vixens?

Select only one in this group.

- ☐ *I want* Voxair *Vixen to remain in* Voxair
- ☐ *I do not want* Voxair *Vixen to remain in* Voxair
- ☐ *No preference*

So the 3,800 recipients of a Canadian Armed Forces biweekly, *Voxair*, are being polled in a sexism controversy that arose, appropriately enough, on the day that Defence Minister Barney Danson announced a broadened role for women in the forces. "Male traditions, I suspect, are the principal obstacles facing women in the armed forces," decreed the minister in a Winnipeg speech at the end of January. Women will in future be allowed to do almost anything short of armed combat, Danson said, and his words were given prominent display in the media across the land.

Less widely reported was an on-the-spot response from Danson's audience. Was the minister aware, demanded Claudia Engel, chairperson of the Manitoba Action Committee on the Status of Women, that a publication under his jurisdiction regularly carried a sexist pictorial feature known as the *Voxair* Vixen? And how did he reconcile his newly unveiled progressive attitude toward women with this particular male tradition, the scantily clad pinups in *Voxair*, CFB Winnipeg's base paper?

You don't get to be the defence minister without knowing how to beat a tactical retreat. "This is not the type of thing I like to legislate," Danson ad-libbed before his exit. But the controversy continued and *Voxair*'s editor, Captain Brian Garagan, decided the way to settle it was by a readers' vote. The poll—the salient section is reproduced above—appeared, appropriately, in the Valentine's Day issue and Garagan hopes to publish the results this month.

The Vixen feature is almost as old as the paper itself, which was founded in 1952. Early models wore fairly modest attire, but changing times bring changing fashions and today's Vixen, though never nude, or even topless, is decidedly more visible. The editorial justification for the pinups? "I think they brighten up the paper, and I've only had a couple of complaints," says Garagan. "The betting around here is that we will get hardly any reader response. The *Voxair* Vixen is a tradition and I can't see it changing." The readers will legislate.

Peter Carlyle-Gordge



COURTESY OF VOXAIR

Garagan in the 'Voxair' office and (left) a recent Vixen the readers' choice

Tia Maria goes with Paris.
Tia Maria goes with milk.
Tia Maria goes with ice.
Tia Maria goes with Istanbul.
Tia Maria goes with him.
Tia Maria goes with Vodka.
Tia Maria goes with Janis.
Tia Maria goes with music.
Tia Maria goes with dessert.
Tia Maria goes with friends.



Tia Maria goes.

REALISTIC® sound dynamite!

System of the month
Reg. separate item price 1489.80
1199.00



"Explosive" sound

Realistic Mach One speakers make you feel you're really there — at that rock concert disco or symphony. Has response and power capacity to give you the low frequencies your entire body "feels". (Recommended Power Handling 100 watts) 15" acoustic suspension woofer responds down to 20 Hz heavy duty tweeter reaches to 25 000 Hz multicell midrange horn. 8 ohms. Genuine walnut veneer cabinet. Two speakers 40-4024

Ultimate precision

Realistic LAB 500 direct drive turntable quartz-locked for unbelievable speed accuracy at 33-1/3 and 45 RPM. Die-cast platter rests directly on 12 pole brushless DC servomotor. Statically balanced S-shape tonearm with integrated low mass head/shell cartridge ($9.95 value). Cartridge provides linear frequency response from 20 20 000 Hz at tracking forces under one gram. Hinged dust cover. 6-1/8 x 18 7/8 x 15-3/16. 42 2970

Heart of the system

Realistic STA-2000 AM-FM stereo receiver — even at live performance levels you get pure, rich, undistorted sound... delivers 75 watts per channel minimum RMS at 8 ohms from 20 20 000 Hz with no more than 0.25% total harmonic distortion. With 2-way tape monitoring and dubbing you can tape from recorder to recorder... and enjoy your radio at the same time. Dual calibrated power meters show actual output to speakers. Multi-remote speaker switching, switched and unswitched AC outlets. 31 2075

Radio Shack
A DIVISION OF TANDY ELECTRONICS LIMITED
"that's what you want to hear"

Price shown is offered at Radio Shack Stores and to the public at Authorized Sales Centres (DEALERS) during March, 1975.

Letters

The carbon effect

In Peter Newman's editorial *The Good News from Robarts and Pepin* (Feb 5), he describes the task force report as an "invaluable document" which should be implemented. I am afraid I cannot share his enthusiasm for a document that looks like a carbon copy of Pierre Trudeau's own proposals.

J. EADIE, WINNIPEG

Justice is daaf

It is a good thing that I didn't spend too much time on your television column *Homage to Historians* (Jan. 29) on *The Canadian Connection. The Lessons of History*, otherwise I would have missed a fine program. Obviously the author is not accustomed to listening. How else to explain her cavalier attitude toward this interesting and intelligent interview?

ALEXANDRA BRODY, EDMONTON

Poor little butter cup

The juxtaposition of the Trident sub and black-ghetto illustrations in the article *More Guns—and Hold the Butter* (Jan. 29) is a most poignant reflection of the moral distortion that exists in our present-day society. Proponents of the vast U.S. defence budget argue that the purpose of such application of resources is to hold destructive forces in balance to protect the welfare of mankind by preserving peace. Surely that division of funds of such magnitude is, in itself, invertedly destructive of the greater part of our world's populace. The multi-billions of dollars expended annually on armaments would, in truth, enhance the welfare of mankind on an incalculable scale.

L.K. GARWOOD, TORONTO

Guarding tha waicoma mat

I was disappointed by the distorted image of Canada's new process for assessing claims to refugee status given in the article *They Shall Be Known by the Scars of Torture* (Jan. 1). All persons claiming refugee status are informed of their right to be represented by legal counsel and are interviewed under oath by a specially trained senior immigration officer. Transcripts of this hearing are then given to the claimant and the Refugee Status Advisory Committee in Ottawa. The RSAC assesses all claims and makes recommendations to the minister of employment and immigration who then decides whether or not claimants should be recognized as Geneva Convention refugees. Claims rejected by the committee are re-examined by a special review committee of senior immigration officials to ensure that humanitarian or compassionate factors are taken into account. Claimants who receive a negative decision from the minister have the right to apply to the Immigration Appeal Board for a redetermination. If the board feels the claim may be legitimate, it will hold a full and complete hearing where the claimant can personally explain why refugee status should be granted. During the appeal the claimant may be represented by legal counsel and may call witnesses and submit additional evidence. Very few countries in the world have a system as extensive, fair and objective as this.

BUD CULLEN, MINISTER OF EMPLOYMENT AND IMMIGRATION, OTTAWA

Tha playing's the thing

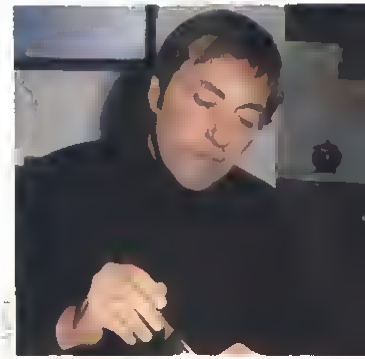
In the article *If Music Be the Food of Longevity* (Jan. 8), Dr. Atlas, in his study of conductors, may have overlooked one key factor related to the longevity of his subjects. While such attributes as superior intelligence, motivation and success certainly should be considered, all conductors have one common trait—they were allowed to continue their work beyond age 65. If increased longevity can be attributed to continued work roles, then consider the loss not only to the individual in terms of his well-being but to society as a whole in lost human potential.

REIN SELLES, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR, ALBERTA COUNCIL ON AGING, EDMONTON

A stable door too late

The article *The Man Who Won't Sell Out* (Feb. 5), on B.C.'s Premier Bill Bennett, should have been called *The Man Who Sold Out*. In 1969 Bill Bennett after assembling land for development purposes in Kelowna, sold 25 acres of it for $875,000 to Marathon Realty for a shopping centre. Who is Marathon? None other than the CPR that he professes to hate now. On Jan. 18, 1979, 24 hours after Bennett gloated about the CPR decision not to go ahead with the takeover of MacMillan Bloedel, Opposition leader Dave Barrett made public a federal document signed by Jack Horner, minister of industry, which recorded the fact that B.C. had strongly resisted the policy of the Foreign Investment Review Agency and that the federal government was considering diluting their foreign investment policy to pacify B.C. Along with this document Barrett released statistics obtained from FIRA showing that under Social Credit and with their approval, 74 B.C. companies had been taken over by foreign interests since 1976. B.C. is not for sale—it has already been sold.

GORDON TOWNSEND, VICTORIA



Bennett: professing to hate the CPR now

Subscribers' Moving Notice

Send correspondence to: Maclean's, Box 1600, Station A, Toronto, Ontario M5W 2B6

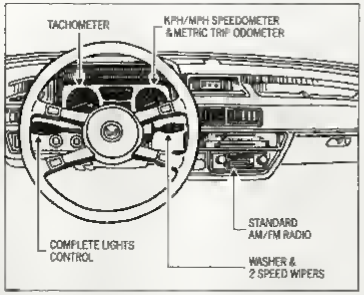
Name
New Address
City
Prov.
Postal code
My moving date is
My old address label is attached
My new address is on this coupon
☐ I wish to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 52 issues for only $19.50 (in Canada only). Elsewhere $30.00 except U.S. $26.00
☐ Bill me
☐ I enclose $

ATTACH OLD ADDRESS LABEL HERE AND MAIL IMMEDIATELY!
I also subscribe to () Chatelaine and/or () Miss Chatelaine and enclose old address labels from those magazines as well.

SZAH1

THE DARN NEAR PERFECT CAR.

"It's the darn near perfect car." We didn't say it, David Pearson said it. He said it to Brock Yates. In case you don't know, David Pearson is a Grand National Stock Car Racing Champion and Brock Yates is a Senior Editor of Car and Driver magazine, so they both know a bit about cars. And they both own Honda Accord Hatchbacks.



And that isn't all they said. Brock Yates commented further: "One contemplates an Accord and thinks, why in the name of Ransom E. Olds can't all cars be as neatly engineered? Here comes a manufacturer noted for motorcycles, portable generators and outboard motors that within fewer years than you can count on your hands builds a car decades ahead of many of those built by people who've been involved with the business for half a century."

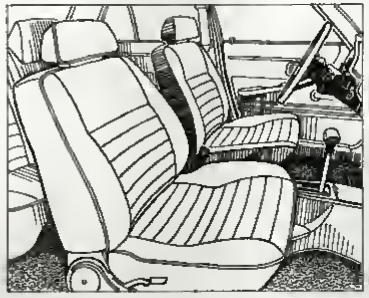
Their enthusiasm is not hard to understand. Unless, of course, you've never driven an Accord yourself. It is perhaps the best combination of luxury and performance that is available anywhere, at anywhere near its price.

An Accord's mechanical credentials are impeccable. It comes with front wheel drive, power assisted front disc brakes, rack and pinion steering, 5-speed transmission and fully independent MacPherson strut suspension. All of which help make it a joy to drive.

Small wonder that some of the world's most knowledgeable car enthusiasts own, and love to drive Accords.

HAS A PERFECT PARTNER.

If any criticism of the Accord Hatchback was possible, it might have been that it was a 2-door and therefore not exactly suited to someone who might have a family. We're not sure if anyone ever made that criticism. However, if they did (and even if they didn't), we've answered it. Honda Accord Hatchback, the darn near perfect car, now has a perfect partner: the new Honda Accord 4-door sedan.



Both of the Accords share the same impeccable mechanical features. Both are exciting to drive. But the sedan offers you extra interior room plus the convenience of 4 doors.

Inside the Accord, you'll find yourself seated on fully reclining front bucket seats that are upholstered in warm, comfortable cloth. Directly in front of you, every Accord has extensive instrumentation that lets you know what's happening, when. Including lights that tell you if any of the doors are not closed, or if a brake light is burned out. And just to the right, is a standard AM/FM radio.

But the best way to discover an Accord's qualities is to go to a Honda dealer and see for yourself. Look carefully at the fit, the finish and the detailing of the car. Then take one for a test drive. Whether you're interested in the hatchback or the sedan, we think you'll agree with David Pearson. Either one of them is the darn near perfect car.

THE HONDA ACCORDS

A new standard in luxury performance cars.







extra Special
extra Mild

Enjoy the great taste of Rothmans in a special mild cigarette.

Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked – avoid inhaling. Average per cigarette – "Tar" 12 mg. Nic. 0.9 mg

Letters

The romantic fringe

In his fascinating review of *The Seventies* (Jan. 29), Peter Newman looks back, for comparative purposes, to the Sixties. He finds that Bob Bossin was the "best of the Sixties' campus activists who was instrumental in setting up Toronto's Free University." Bossin was a charming and talented lad, but he operated on the romantic fringe of the student movement. The Free University, an idea taken over from the Americans, never, in my opinion, had any real impact in Toronto. The heart of the Toronto student movement was political. The leaders were determined to get more student and faculty participation in university government. The two leaders were Robert Rae, now an NDP member in the House of Commons, and Steven Langdon, who has twice been an NDP candidate in Ottawa. Bob Bossin may, as you suggest, have turned in the Seventies to practising his banjo as a member of Stringband but the real leaders of the student movement have simply shifted their interests to more vital ground. For them there has been no break between the Sixties and Seventies.

CLAUDE T. BISSELL, PROFESSOR,
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, TORONTO



Fawcett-Majors: hair and a bum renowned

In your recent summary of the Seventies you state that "the only political movement to survive the Sixties has been feminism." Then you list Barbara Frum and Flora MacDonald as being a few of the survivors. Yet who should adorn your cover but Farrah Fawcett-Majors (renowned for her hair) and

A home of your own is still your best investment. In fact, real estate equity is probably the only way left for a private citizen to build up any kind of estate today.

But even more important to a good real estate investment are location and value for your dollar. Consider then 86 Gloucester. In the first place, it represents equity that will continue to grow through the years. Secondly, its superb downtown location makes it a very desirable property to own — close to everything the city has to offer. Then there's the price. Starting at only $71,900 for a two bedroom home. And that is indeed good value. Just compare 86 Gloucester to any other downtown residence and you'll know why.

But if you think 86 Gloucester is just a good investment, you've got another surprise waiting for you. Because it also happens to be a great home to live in. Spacious and roomy, each apartment home features bay windows, 9 foot high ceilings, 2 bathrooms (one with a Jacuzzi), air conditioning and many, many more luxury features befitting the very best in living styles.

And that's not the whole story either! 86 Gloucester also provides its owners with a complete recreation centre that includes jogging track, swimming pool, squash court and change rooms.

So if you want to live in comfort and style in Toronto's number one location and have an investment that's going to keep on building equity, come and see 86 Gloucester for yourself. We think it's the only real way to build an estate.

For a personal look at 86 Gloucester call us now at 922-6111. We'll reserve an appointment for you at your convenience.

DOWN PAYMENT FROM $17,790.00 (CASH TO ONE MORTGAGE).

the only 'real' estate builder



Four blocks south of Bloor, 1 block east of Yonge
Sales office open 12 'till 8 PM week days 11 AM 'till 6 PM week ends
Tel: 922-6111

WOULD YOU LEASE A BRAND NEW CAR! with an OLD FASHIONED LEASE?

If you've leased a car before, you know that most lease companies offer the same basic deal. Any make or model — with or without service — competitive prices.

But the most important *difference* is the lease, and that's what you'll find at HOJ because a HOJ LEASE *IS* THE DIFFERENCE!

HOJ has designed the lease for you that eliminates the hassles if you decide to change cars in mid-term, to get yourself a new one, or to buy the car you're driving.

The HOJ LEASE is the hassle free way to get into the driver's seat of the car you want for as long as you want, at a truly competitive price.

If you are planning to lease a new car, be certain you get a new lease too!

We've got both waiting for you at HOJ.

HOJ has all makes of new cars for immediate delivery, including Cutlass, Monte Carlo, Grand Prix and Thunderbird.

A HOJ LEASE IS THE DIFFERENCE!

HOJ NATIONAL LEASING
930 MILLWOOD ROAD
TORONTO — 422-3111

Bring this coupon to HOJ or mail it before your visit — you'll save $25.00 on your first month's lease if signed before April 30, 1979.

MY PREFERENCES ARE

☐ Monthly Payment To Be Less Than (Check One)	☐ $150	☐ $200	☐ $225	☐ $250	☐ $300
☐ I WANT A NEW CAR EVERY (Check One)	☐ 12 mo	☐ 18 mo	☐ 24 mo	☐ 36 mo	☐ 48 mo
☐ THE CAR OF MY CHOICE (Check One)	☐ GM	☐ FORD	☐ CHRYSLER	☐ OTHER	
☐ I DESIRE A (Check One)	☐ 2 Door	☐ 4 Door	☐ SI Wagon	☐ Van or Truck	
☐ OPTIONAL EQUIPMENT (Check)	☐ Air	☐ AM/FM Radio	☐ Vinyl Roof	☐ Power Windows	☐ Power Seats & Doors

OTHER EQUIPMENT _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ PHONE _____

CITY _____ POSTAL CODE _____

Letters

Margaret Trudeau (renowned for her bum)

ALICIA PRIEST VANCOUVER

Your review of the decade helped us to get underneath the events and changes of the Sixties and Seventies. It also led us to a clear recognition of the fundamental change going on within man himself.

L.A. WEST WINNIPEG

Ring in the new

Barbara Amiel's sophomoric column *Even If Prints Are All I Can Afford* (Feb. 5), promoting her preference for old rather than new masters, reveals her as a VIP — a Visually Illiterate Person. If her principles were applied to the field of literature, would she be proposing that we all stop reading Margaret Laurence, Dennis Lee and George Jonas and cancel our subscriptions to *Maclean's*? Artists in any discipline keep us on our mettle and help us to understand a society more clearly. If Amiel had works by Harold Town, Charles Gagnon, Yves Gaucher or Christopher Pratt on her walls, she might think and write with more relevance and insight.

DAVID SILCOX, TORONTO

Barbara Amiel is entitled to her preference for the art of previous centuries, but to justify it she needn't invent a mysterious change in the orientation of artists' interest that took place some 200 years ago. Times have changed, the world has changed, not the integrity of artists. Today, merely drawing a thousand fingers wouldn't necessarily bring an artist closer to making legitimate contemporary art. Artists always have and always will paint the way they have to, whether it means anatomy or abstraction, in response to the world they find themselves in.

MILES JENKINS, TORONTO

You takes your choice

I read with interest the article *Higher Learning* (Jan. 15) on the *U-Choose* guide to universities. What most interested me in the booklet is not so much what it says about universities but what it leaves out. There is little detail in connection with the various programs offered, certainly not enough to permit a knowledgeable choice. In spite of the best intentions of those who have created it, *U-Choose* is of quite limited use to a high-school student contemplating university.

BOB WHITTON, ASSOCIATE DIRECTOR, INFORMATION SERVICES
UNIVERSITY OF WATERLOO, WATERLOO

Some home truths about the largest home realtor in Greater Toronto.



You may be surprised to learn that a trust company has the largest residential realty force in the greater Toronto area.

It's true. Royal Trust has more real estate offices and more qualified agents to help you than any other realtor.

Our extra size can make a big difference to you, whether you're buying or selling. On the average, you can expect to attract more prospective buyers through Royal Trust — or find a wider choice of homes.

And Royal Trust mortgage financing can help to make your move faster and easier.

Before you enter the real estate market, we hope these home truths reach home.

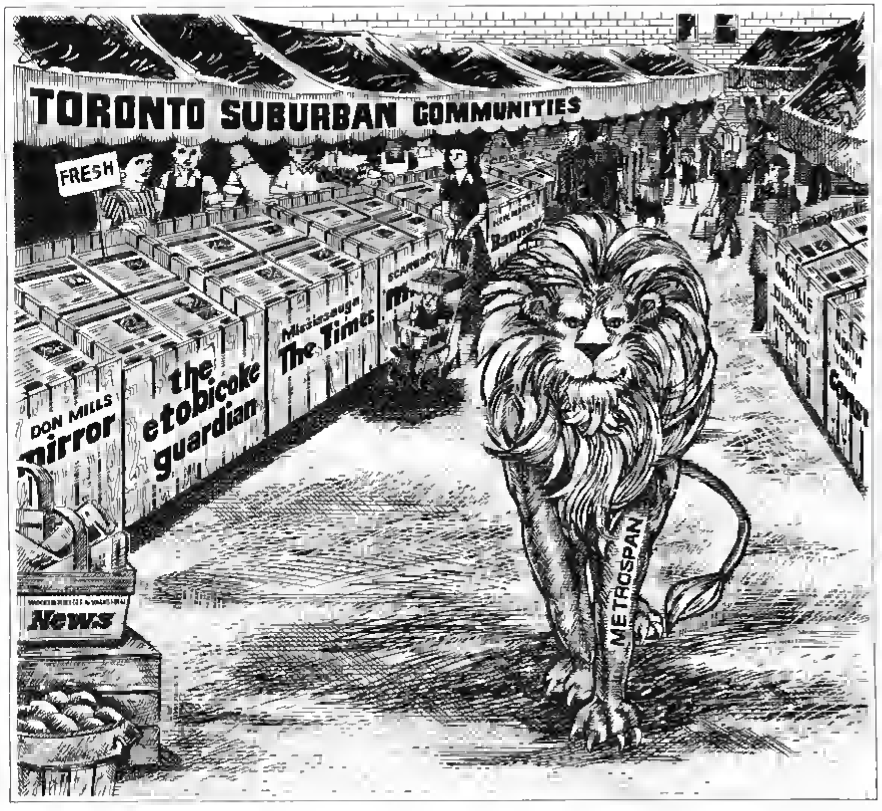
They can really improve your opportunity for success.

REALTOR
Royal Trust
THE SIGN THAT SELLS

Royal Trust

Your first name in real estate.

Royal Trust Corporation of Canada. Realtor



Metrospan stands out in Suburban Toronto

As a community newspaper group, we look out over eleven suburban Toronto communities that are really on the go. And we're involved in this movement. So much so, that we're the number one community newspaper group in suburban Toronto.

Every week we circulate to over 440 000 households. And if you live in one of our communities, there's a good chance you're receiving one of our papers right now.

After all, over 7 out of every 10 homes in suburban CMA Toronto do.

METROSPAN community newspapers

Total circulation exceeding 440 000

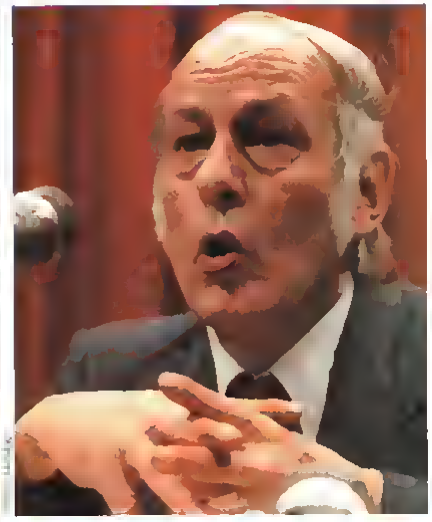
44 Lesmill Road, Don Mills, Ontario M3B 2T5 Call 445 4810

• Oakville Journal Record • Halton Consumer • Mississauga Times • Etobicoke Advertiser/Guardian • Etobicoke Consumer • Scarboro Mirror • Scarboro Consumer • North York Mirror • North York Consumer • Richmond Hill/Thornhill Liberal • Aurora/Newmarket Banner • Woodbridge & Vaughan News • Bolton Enterprise

Go and grow with Metrospan

Hunkering down for the crunch





Ryan and Lévesque: bugling retreats

For both hard-line federalists and uncompromising *indépendantistes* it was a week of satisfying polarization. Pushed deeper into opposing corners by their own members—and by English-Canadian leaders weary of fuzzy constitutional visions—Claude Ryan's Liberals and the governing Parti Québécois of René Lévesque issued new and colliding manifestos.

While Ryan discreetly dropped his earlier claim for Quebec special status, the PQ bugled a smart retreat from its pie-in-the-sky promise to secure economic association with English Canada before striking the Maple Leaf from flagpoles throughout the province. The Péquistes have finally accepted the seriousness of English Canadians' reluctance to negotiate sweetheart economic deals with a sovereign Quebec. Should the government of Quebec fail to negotiate an economic treaty after winning a sovereignty-association referendum, Quebeckers would be asked to authorize a unilateral declaration of independence. Significantly, the manifesto does not say whether such approval would be sought by a second referendum or merely by a provincial election on the issue.

Though the PQ manifesto released last Friday is technically a party and not a government document, it will be defended by Lévesque at a special convention in May, probably the last before the referendum expected for the spring of 1980. Government chances of winning that referendum are now greatly diminished: opinion polls show support for independence plummets without the guarantee of association, which the new manifesto admits is problematical. Lévesque, however, had to placate party militants who objected to his insistence last October that economic association would be simultaneous with the achievement of sovereignty.

The PQ's tacit admission that sovereignty-association might be left dangling at the hyphen was a victory for Liberal leader Ryan, who has warned darkly that English Canada might not survive to negotiate with a separate Quebec. That bleak prediction is repeated in Ryan's latest treatise—*Choisir le Québec et le Canada*—which is to be the foundation for a complete referendum platform due next fall.

For the first time in modern Quebec history, Ryan's document sets out a series of reasons for *staying in* Canada. Among them: Canada's size, its tradition of liberty and respect for diversity, its international reputation, Quebeckers' "birthright" to Canadian riches, the threat of absorption by the United States, the needs of francophone minorities outside Quebec, the damage separation would do to the Atlantic provinces and, finally, the advantages of negotiating as part of the Canadian "family" rather than as an independent country.

But the Liberal leader's revised constitutional stance is most significant for what it leaves out. Gone is Ryan's long-standing plea for special status. In its place is an echo of the Pepin-Robarts Task Force report on Canadian unity which said all the provinces should be allotted powers which, in practice, would be exercised only by Quebec. Ryan's formula would "grant the provinces fairly extensive powers so that the Quebec government can reasonably ensure the development of Québécois society according to its own lights."

Ryan dropped special status after learning that mere mention of it raises the hair on the back of the Canadian beaver. However, the Liberal leader makes no secret of his intention to use new provincial powers to make Quebec increasingly sovereign in spirit. "As the real heart of French Canada, Quebec is a distinct society harboring a national community that constitutes a real, original entity within Canada's larger political picture."

David Thomas



Signs of the times in Right-Turn City

With a federal election looming, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau and Opposition leader Joe Clark attended to their weak spots last week. Trudeau and his cabinet travelled to Toronto, where past polls showing Liberal support was "soft" delayed the election last spring and fall. Clark, meanwhile, spent time in Quebec, a Conservative wasteland. The task for Clark is the more daunting—he must try to reverse 90 years of antipathy to the Conservative party in Quebec. Trudeau has to turn around just five years of slipping fortunes in Toronto, which voted overwhelmingly Liberal as recently as 1974.

Given that Pierre Trudeau has had any number of imaginary signs hanging over him—halo to raincloud to sword—it was refreshing to find four that were actually *printed* last week. Finally, no more mistakes in reading them. All appeared in Toronto, and all but one perfectly suited the various versions of the prime minister that came courting that key metropolitan vote.

The first turned up in a suburban stove manufacturing plant. "Yes," it read as Trudeau passed blindly beneath, "we are the *leader*, but we can't afford *one* dissatisfied customer." Getting the number of unhappy clients down that low in Toronto would be nothing short of a miracle. Four months since the Liberals were shut out in the Toronto byelections, it is believed they remain a frightful eight points behind the Conservatives, whereas it is but a single point nationally. And though there are 282 seats in all of Canada, the 28 that fit into Metropolitan Toronto will, in the words of one Liberal strategist, "decide whether it's a Liberal majority, minority or (pause) the other way around."

Not only have three of the Grits' most touted candidates disappeared (businessman Maurice Strong, former United Church moderator Bruce McLeod and past University of Toronto president John Evans) but three of the party's cabinet ministers are in deep trouble in their own ridings (Energy Minister Alastair Gillespie, Revenue's



Trudeau: sheet-metal stamps, staple guns and 3,000 votes at a brick wedding cake

Tony Abbott and Secretary of State John Roberts). The Trudeau visit, therefore, was regarded by the Ontario campaign organizers as a "morale builder." The Tories, seemingly undisturbed by his coming, merely laid out a list of their admittedly impressive candidates and said they were remaining "bullish" on their chances of taking between 15 and 20 of the Toronto seats. And since that is the same number the Liberals like to talk about, it must be pointed out the numbers do not nestly total 28.

So the stove plant was a natural starting point: the Toronto Liberals were counting on Pierre Trudeau to cook up something new and appetizing. Ostensibly in the city for a cabinet road show, Trudeau's real intention was to gain a head start on the campaign. Looking fresher than he has for months, the prime minister feigned sufficient interest in sheet-metal stamps and air-powered staple guns to impress the new Canadian workers. Delfin Aquiar, who only two days before had received his Canadian citizenship, stood with his eyes glassing over and his citizenship papers pocketed over his heart. "I'm so happy," he said after Trudeau spoke to him. "Before, in Portugal, I have nothing. Now I have everything. Sure, I'll vote for him."

There were 3,000 more such votes apparently delivered the next night when the prime minister appeared before a sweltering Italian-Canadian crowd at a brick wedding cake called Tony's Ballroom. The sign that time said, simply, "Power To Trudeau" and the flag-waving adorers who didn't faint (three did) were given precisely the message they wanted to hear most in a 10-minute speech Trudeau managed fully 17 variations on the verb "to build."

The one sign that did not hold true appeared outside the Royal York Hotel's Canadian Room, where Trudeau met Wednesday night with party faithful. The "Thrill Show" poster for a convention next door was tacked so close to the Liberal backslap that the irony could not be avoided. Obviously ill at ease, Trudeau found himself actually asking the party faithful for their help (one Liberal thinker expressed "surprise" and gratitude that he would take such a lowly role for himself). Trudeau's attack was aimed directly at Alberta Premier Peter Lougheed and clearly if he succeeds in making energy an issue he will do so at the expense of Jack Horner's lone Liberal seat in Alberta.

"This election will decide how Canada will survive," Trudeau told the Liberal gathering, "whether as a strong country or as 10 separate principalities with a figurehead at the centre saying 'aye, aye' to everyone. The people of Canada are going to vote on the destiny of this country." The applause was long and loud, but the people had not been given what they wanted: an election date and the key issue. "It's getting hard to get people to work," a campaigner for John Roberts confessed. "You phone them up for the third time and they say, 'I'm too busy this time. Call the election first, then call me.'"

Lawyer Trudeau's virtuoso performance of the visit came, naturally enough, lecturing 700 students at York University's Osgoode Hall law faculty. Trudeau the charismatic gunfighter teased and wooed with his wit and wisdom—calling René Lévesque "Mr. Quebec" and talking once again about making a deal about the referendum, if one wins the other resigns—and the reception was resounding.

It was when he left the lecture hall that the final sign appeared, a rent-a-sign that said, simply, "See you next year—safe journey." Unfortunately, neither 700 students nor 3,000 Italian Canadians can make such a guarantee. With Pierre Trudeau's map still unclear, the pre-campaign sortie into the city may not have penetrated very far.

Early in the visit, the prime minister had looked at a large stove at the Mississauga plant and leaned over toward the executive guiding him. "I wonder," he said, "If they have one of these at Stornaway." Stornaway, of course, is the official residence of the leader of the Opposition, and though Trudeau himself is hardly likely ever to deign to occupy it, that property may be precisely where the muddled map is pointing for his party. **Roy MacGregor**

Law student Daborah Coyne with Trudeau: the gunfighter teased and wooed with wit

A firm grip on the wrong end of the stick

On the surface, the Conservatives' $125-a-plate fund-raising dinner in Montreal last week was a glittering success. More than 1,600 of the faithful and the curious attended the event at the Grand Salon in the Queen Elizabeth Hotel. It was the biggest bash ever for the Conservatives in Quebec, and it was organized, in a show of unity, by Brian Mulroney, the Montreal lawyer who was one of two Quebec candidates Clark beat for the party leadership in 1976. (The other, Claude Wagner, was not in attendance—but the party would just as soon forget about him.) Mulroney, who had been critical of Clark's leadership, publicly buried the hatchet with the remark, "In choosing Joe Clark as national leader, the Progressive Conservative party chose wisely and chose well." To add still more to his stock and "to show the people of Quebec it is a Conservative party that represents Canada outside Quebec," Clark brought with him no fewer than 82 Tory MPs and five of the six Tory premiers.



Conservative heavies Frank Moores, Bill Davis, Clark and Richard Hatfield confer: attunned party workers were left behind



Clark and daughter Catharine, 2: in the royal suite and ignoring the grassroots

But beneath all the glitter, the dinner was a disaster that exposed all the old Conservative weaknesses in Quebec. First, Clark's speech, the supposed highlight of the evening, was a dud both in style and in content. Clark's wooden delivery of his text, primarily in French, underlined the fact that he has still not mastered the language. And, on the advice of English-speaking candidates in the province, Clark made a heavy pitch for retention in the constitution of English-language rights in Quebec. But there was no offsetting plea for similar protection for French-language rights elsewhere, even though his audience was primarily French-speaking.

The image of a party that cares more about the English than the French was strengthened even by the seating arrangements in the Grand Salon. The MPs, premiers, bagmen and corporate donors, an overwhelmingly English-speaking agglomeration, were plunked close to the head table. But representatives of many Conservative riding associations, primarily French-speakers, were shunted off to a wing where they had bad views, if they could see at all beyond the intervening pillars. During Clark's speech, many began to talk to each other.

Finally, after the dinner, Clark was

whisked out of the hall at double-time to a private reception upstairs for bagmen and other members of the Tory elite, leaving hundreds of stunned party workers behind without so much as a handshake or a *bonsoir*. Said a disappointed Heward Grafftey, a Conservative MP from Quebec who had brought 50 of his campaign workers to the dinner, "My people went away mad. We came in here with enough momentum to win seven to 10 seats. We left with two to four."

Actually, four seats would represent a 100-per-cent improvement for the Conservatives, who have shrunk to just two Quebec seats in the House of Commons. But that is not nearly enough to fulfil Clark's goal of winning a majority in the upcoming election. Indeed, he may not win even a minority if he cannot get more than four seats, because the Liberals are expected to pick up almost all of the remaining 71, which would give them a tremendous head start.

Since 1887, the Conservatives have outscored the Liberals in Quebec in just one general election—John Diefenbaker's astonishing coup in 1958. Over the years, the Tories have experimented with a number of strategies to end the drought. They have used stars, they have leaned on the Union Nationale, they have flirted with policies designed to appeal to Quebec nationalists, and they have issued veiled threats that Quebeckers should climb aboard because the rest of the country is already there. Clark has tried all those approaches in his three years as Conservative leader, with no measurable success. Puzzled, he has admitted to insiders "I can't get a handle on Quebec."

But he cannot afford to give up because he would be writing off not only a few seats in Quebec but also dozens in Ontario, which expects national leaders to be able to win in both provinces. Thus, Clark plans to spend a quarter of his time in the election campaign in Quebec. And, with the collapse of the Créditistes (who last week lost their leader for the third time in less than three years as Lorne Reznowski stepped down to complete his doctoral thesis on Middle-English literature), there is a small-c conservative vacuum in Quebec waiting to be filled. But the big-C Conservatives' tactics will have to change. "There's no magic to winning," says MP Grafftey, who has managed to hang on in the face of Liberal onslaughts over the years. "It takes hard work and grassroots organization. What happened at the fund-raising dinner was a typical example of what the Conservatives have done wrong in Quebec. We've stayed up in the royal suite and ignored the grassroots."

Ian Urquhart

Vancouver

Playing to the galleries with sex and violence

Hostage-takings, the B.C. penitentiary at New Westminster and charismatic convict Andy Bruce go hand-in-hand to most watchers of Canada's strife-riddled prison system. So the seven-day uprising in January, 1978—which included a snatch of 13 hostages by five inmates—seemed like business as usual at the decaying federal fortress on the Fraser River outside Vancouver. Ordinarily, the aborted escape attempt would barely have raised a ripple outside the 350-prisoner institution which, in recent years, has seen routine suicides and stabbings, social worker Mary Steinhauser fatally shot in 1975 by guards and a cellblock reduced to rubble by rioting inmates in 1976. But scooped up in the inmates' net a year ago Jan. 28 were two longtime





activists high on prison authorities' most-wanted list for their strident and persistent agitation for prisoners' rights and an end to solitary confinement. B.C. pen officials were out to get Betsy Wood, 49, and Gay Hoon, 33, before the pair were beyond the bars, detectives were wheedling prisoners with promises of new identities and relocation in exchange for testifying for the prosecution. And the Crown promptly charged not only the five inmates who had tried to escape but—alone among the hostages—the two women activists with "breaking a prison."

In Vancouver this week the circus-like B.C. Supreme Court trial of the pair stretched into a full month in the old Georgia Street courthouse, guarded by a legion of edgy sheriffs and boasting a passing parade of Vancouver's thriving left, including ardent feminists, a black-bereted regular sporting both an A-for-anarchist badge and a spectacular criminal record, and a young man decked out in a dress and trailing braids.

The defendants are an unlikely pair of incendiaries. Portly white-haired Betsy Wood (who once accosted a disdainful Pierre Trudeau at a garden party, "You don't know how to love and that's why Andy Bruce is still in solitary") is laboriously acting as her own lawyer, coached by a patient judge, to the sighs of reporters and sotto voce groans from a seemingly bewildered and demoralized prosecutor. Sidekick and activist Gay Hoon, widely portrayed as a nice girl sucked in by the intensity of prison politics, sits in silence at the counsel table and runs in tears from the TV cameras. Her lawyer, James Vilvang, who doubles as a wrestler Saturday mornings and bounces Satan's Angels at night from local punk rock nightclubs, confesses himself sidetracked by a dozen-member "defence committee" determined to direct the show.

Crown Attorney Charles Norris has gamely forged ahead with attempts to link the two women—frequent prison visitors—to blundered escape plans, pointing out that Wood parked a rented Plymouth Volaré directly outside the prison door, the keys in the ignition and containing a crucial orange Agnew-Surpass shopping bag. Contents: three baggies each with pen, notepaper, money and a set of keys to a city apartment whose police found a suitcase inscribed with Hoon's name. Climaxing last week was the appearance of reigning prison superstar, contract-killer Andy Bruce, 29, as usual the kingpin in uprisings, called by Wood as a character witness. His powerful body cuffed and chained like a circus bear, Bruce talked with occasional flashes of anger in a low slurred growl. It was standing room only as Bruce's followers, massed outside the courthouse despite his recent lambasting of "*National Enquirer*" media for salacious phrases such as "guru, cult leader and fascinating sex appeal." Snarled Bruce: "Just stick to the well-worn adjectives of vicious, violent, dangerous, at least there's some truth to them." Miriam Azrael, 31, who set off a fracas with panicky sheriffs when she flung flowers at Bruce in the courtroom, explains she's no groupie but "a man-hater for the last two years until I saw Andy Bruce. they can brutalize his body but they can't crush his spirit."

No argument on that score from Bruce, who testified he paid a drug-using guard $1,200 and an ounce of cocaine to secret a .38-calibre "piece" wrapped in toilet paper in the prisoners' washroom off the visiting area, stash a parcel outside for one of the escapees and, for a $250 bonus, stand sentry to make sure a crucial door stayed unlocked. The guard, formerly in the super-maximum unit that houses Bruce, was Konstantin Pondelicek—Konnie to intimates such as Bruce. Pondelicek predictably denied all in court. Back in the witness room, he chain-smoked with shaky hands and declared: "Bruce is telling a pack of lies."

With the date set and prisoners prepared, everything proceeded according to plan: guard Roy Yasuda's jugular was severed and the keys to Bruce's cuffs snatched from the bleeding man, the gun seized, glass partition in the visitors' room smashed and the leap made to apparent freedom. But fleeing guards locked a heavy-barred door, and the five cons never got a chance to test their feckless getaway plans. The would-be breakout turned into a gruelling seven-day seige, with demands reduced to requests for shots of Demerol (a painkiller) and food, before finally ending with meekly arranged surrender. One year later, the scheme seems even more aborted: the cons drew additional time and will be shipped east away from their families while the taxpayers pick up the tab for a marathon trial. The two women activists, temporarily stymied in their relentless pursuit of human rights for prisoners, say they will rather carry on visiting cons or accelerate the struggle from inside Oakalla women's prison. The galleries have loved it.

Suzanne Fournier



VANCOUVER PROVINCE

Hoon (far left), Bruce and Wood: high on prison authorities' most-wanted list

Ordering a merger with the works

Quebeckers want to do it. Basques want to do it: even Scots want to do it—but Yellowknifers *don't* want to separate. Instead, they want to merge and see their half of the Northwest Territories swallowed up by Alberta. Ironically, Ottawa's special representative for constitutional development in the territories, Bud Drury, had just been exhorting northerners to abandon proposals for dividing N.W.T. in two to solve its problems when "Alberta Bound" ballots appeared in a Yellowknife hamburger outlet. Part of the "Northern Dilemma" Poll, the ballots also printed in territorial newspaper advertisements ask residents of the westerly half of the N.W.T. if they want to join Alberta. Lenny's Great Canadian Hamburger Stores say the poll is just a promotion stunt to spark debate but President Len Jason is quite serious about dividing the N.W.T. at the 110th meridian—the same line that divides Saskatchewan from Alberta—and grafting the western half onto Alberta. Nor is he the only one.

The idea, popular about 20 years ago, resurfaced at a Yellowknife Chamber of Commerce meeting where Director Tar Hamer tabled a motion to invite Alberta to extend its eastern border north to include a western chunk of the N.W.T. The cost to Albertans: a bridge over the Mackenzie River, roads to Inuvik and Fort Smith and release of lands for sale and development. Hamer, notorious for once having offered Yellowknife City Council 30 pieces of silver for prime city land in a shopping mall controversy, is breathless as he names the advantages to N.W.T. residents if they shack up with Alberta: lower personal taxes, cheaper fuel and utilities, immediate responsible government, development of resources and, best of all, access to the oil province's swelling Heritage Fund. Besides, as the advertisements note, it's usually warmer in Alberta. But what would the rich southern neighbors stand to gain from such a union? "It would be a happy marriage of money and resources. We have the resources, they have the money," says Hamer.

Susan Rogers

New Brunswick

A rabbit with elephantiasis

The 16-storey domed structure looming above the horizon on a rocky promontory of the Bay of Fundy is the reactor building for the region's first nuclear power station, a 600-megawatt CANDU producer that the New Brunswick Electric Power Commission is constructing at Point Lepreau—an old name thought to come from the French *lapereau*, meaning "little rabbit"—24 miles down the coast from Saint John. Building Lepreau has provided 2,100 jobs but lately the project has come under serious attack from critics who say the rabbit has caught elephantiasis.

The reactor, estimated at $466 million in 1974 when the plans were first revealed, has risen in cost like Fundy's remarkable tides and figures to come in at $895 million when it opens for business 22 months from now—a 92-per-cent increase. Major projects often exceed their original estimates but in New Brunswick, where hard-pressed taxpayers may never forget the bath they took on the Bricklin sports-car venture—and that for a mere $23 million—this power plant project was beginning to look like the magnified rerun of a nightmare. "The Lepreau debacle is for New Brunswick what the Olympics were for Quebec, in terms of a financial



Point Lepreau reactor: even provincial labor leaders are embarrassed

strain that must be felt by the entire economy," the Fredericton *Gleaner* editorialized. However, New Brunswick's cloud of fiscal misfortune lifted somewhat last week when Nova Scotia, P.E.I. and the federal government agreed to join the province in forming the Maritime Energy Corporation, which will take on Point Lepreau as its first project. The three provinces are to share the ultimate expense of getting the reactor going and will divvy up the power it produces.

N.B. Power General Manager A. J. O'Connor says the Lepreau project has suffered from record inflation, stringent new safety standards specified by the Atomic Energy Control Board and late deliveries by equipment suppliers. But most vexing of all has been the streak of labor trouble at the site. To date there have been 89 separate strikes or walkouts, including a nine-week shutdown last summer that cost N.B. Power an estimated $350,000 a day. Even provincial union leaders have professed embarrassment at labor's performance. To Liberal energy critic Ray Frenette, the whole affair has been a "masterpiece of mismanagement" and he predicts the final cost will reach $1 billion.

Despite the Lepreau project's cost, the power people insist that nuclear energy can be a bargain when compared with the price of thermally generated electricity—an argument fortified by N.B. Power's fuel bill for its oil-fired plants, which has climbed from $18 million in 1975 to an estimated $135 million for the next fiscal year. But across Fundy in Nova Scotia the new energy corporation draws no cheers from Opposition leader Gerald Regan, who wonders whether New Brunswick hasn't simply managed to palm off a bad investment on its Maritime neighbors. To Regan, the overgrown rabbit has become "a pig in a poke." **David Folster**

They won't shoot horses, will they?



Brenda and Blue on the way to California: and if the riders aren't too saddlesore

It was somewhere in the flatlands of Kansas that the 3,600-mile, 90-day U.S. Bicentennial horse race broke down in the cold, wet August of 1976. During the chase for a $50,000 pot, one rider was shot, several were hurt and many of the horses went sick and lame. Yet that was when Saskatchewan farmer Sonny Ferris, whose own horse was still running strongly when a court injunction finally put the misadventure out of its misery, decided he could stage a distance race of his own. And this June it, his carefully laid plans work out: more than 400 horses and riders will thunder across the Canadian prairie in a $70,000, 500-mile cavalry charge from Regina to Calgary.

Ferris, 38, has borrowed nearly $150,000 against his four properties in Alberta and Saskatchewan to finance the venture. "Our break-even is going to be 340 entries at $500 apiece," he says. So he has been busily talking up the event at meetings of the American Endurance Riders Conference, which stages some 1,300 races a year in the U.S. and has also sent entry forms to fellow competitors in the Soviet Union, Saudi Arabia, Britain, France, Germany and Iceland. So far he has one confirmed horse in the race—his own, an 11-year-old White Russian Orloff stallion known as Ole Blue, to be ridden by Sonny's wife, Brenda, 31, after she delivers twins expected in May. Brenda is a fabulous horsewoman. Ferris brags. "She recently finished 56th out of 243 riders in a 100-mile race from Lake Tahoe, Nevada, to Auburn, California. We think on flat land the horse can do much better."

Strict rules for the race, which is due to start June 25, call for veterinarian checks every 30 to 50 miles, drug testing, indelible markings to ensure that the same horses start and finish—and a provision that the prizewinners be alive and healthy 48 hours after finishing. Ferris figures that the horse and rider taking first prize of $20,000 will have put in about 80 hours of hard going. And if the winners aren't too saddlesore, they will get to ride a week later in the opening parade of the Calgary Stampede. **Tom Slater**

Montreal

Life begins after the secret storm

Bottle of champagne in hand, Alexander Peter Treu's estranged wife was first in line at the Montreal engineer's door last week to celebrate his triumph over the dubious application of Canada's Catch-22 Official Secrets Act. Because of intense family strain provoked by the troubling case, Claire Treu and three of the now vindicated man's children had left him during his five-year struggle against accusations under the act—a law designed to protect Canadian security but which, incongruously, permits secret trials, usually considered anathema to a free society. Last Tuesday, Quebec's Court of Appeal overturned Treu's conviction on charges of possessing 500 pounds of classified NATO documents without the required security clearance.

The 57-year-old Treu's security approval had been revoked in 1974 by a faceless civil servant—for still unexplained reasons and without Treu's knowledge. Unaware, he continued to receive classified material from NATO for which he was designing communications and defence systems. Three

Peter Treu: imaginations ran wild





months later, the RCMP suddenly appeared at the suburban home, where Treu did his work as an independent consultant, seized the documents and two years later finally charged him with illegal possession and inadequate protection of secret information.

Convicted and sentenced to two years in jail, Treu appealed and also gained the moral and political support of federal Conservative MP Gerald Baldwin, who now insists Treu should be compensated for the $22,000 cost of defending his innocence. The appeal court cleared Treu of any criminal intent because his security classification had been eliminated without his knowledge and it ruled that he had, in fact, conscientiously kept the documents under lock and key.

But because the original trial that convicted Treu was held in secret, no one outside the courtroom knew the exact nature of the man's alleged offence. Imaginations ran wild and Treu's children heard their father denounced as a "traitor" by schoolmates. His 16-year-old son, Peter Jr.—the only family member to stick by him—told *Maclean's*: "I'll never forgive the authorities for what they put my dad through." And Treu himself feels profoundly betrayed by the country he adopted as an immigrant from Germany 21 years ago. "I learned my lesson. As long as there are civil servants who can withdraw a person's security clearance without informing them, everyone working on classified projects will continue to have one foot in jail." **Steve Kowch**

Nova Scotia

Seeking a court of last resort

It was 1941. A stroke had confined William Gay, 65, to his two-storey rambling home at the water's edge of Tufts Cove, in what was then open country near Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, across the harbor from the bustling and blacked-out wartime port of Halifax. When two men called at the Gay home one day, housekeeper Rita Lowe decided Gay wasn't well enough to deal with visitors, so she asked them to return when Gay's son Cecil would be at home. They never came back, and it wasn't until a year later, when Cecil Gay tried to enter a piece of the family property that stretched north to Lake Charles and was turned back by a military sentry, that he found the department of national defence had expropriated 400 acres of their 1,000-acre homestead to build a naval radio station.



SHERMAN PRIES

Ron Gay: an enormous traffic jam

This week, almost four decades after the fitful story began, Cecil's son Ron (William's grandson) is scheduled to appear in a Dartmouth court on a public mischief charge, after a bizarre attempt to get the family's property-ownership problems settled. The 33-year-old assistant manager of a muffler repair shop got himself deliberately arrested in January, 13 years to the day after his father Cecil's death, by parking his wife's car and a rented truck to block the entrance of a gravel pit owned by Eric Whebby Ltd.—on land that Ron Gay claims is also part of the family estate—causing an enormous traffic jam.

Cecil Gay fought for more than 20 years to establish his family's claim to the land and was eventually able to prove he owned half of it. Now son Ron has been trying for almost a decade to prove the family owns not only the other half of the expropriated property but another 600 acres north of it, onto which Gay says the gravel company gradually moved after his father's death. A Dartmouth real estate appraiser estimates the land is worth at least $1,000 an acre and Gay claims to have documents that prove it has been in his family since 1792. But he hasn't been able to find a lawyer who will take on the complex case without a retainer of at least $3,000. Being hand-tied by his inability to hire a lawyer, Gay has tried alternate methods to gain sympathy for his family's plight. He has tacked huge signs on the property that say it was stolen from the Gay family. He has attended public hearings, organized by the city to determine a use for the land, where he has attempted to tell his story to anyone who might be willing to listen. Finally he got himself arrested.

Gay is bitter. He thought by confronting the police he could force the matter into court, and somehow avoid legal costs that could run to $100,000. But it doesn't look as if that will be possible. Dartmouth Crown Prosecutor Brian Newton says the mischief case against Gay will hinge on whether or not he owns the land. "Basically, if he's the owner, he has the right to block access to the property," says Newton. But that means Gay will have to hire a lawyer to prove he is the owner. It puts him back where he started. Newton says Gay could possibly get off the public mischief charge by establishing that he has a "genuine belief" that the land is his. But, says Gay, "Where would that get me? I'd get off the charge, but the land still wouldn't be mine." **Sue Calhoun**

Fair Lady to Fair Deal

Fair lady at the 1500's lived in a charming fashion! Her worth measured solely by the attention she and her dowry could attract from men, she put her faith in "fairness of face, fairness of form, fine manners, and good humour" and cherished the dream of a marriage that would vault her up the social ladder to a life of security.

Discouraged from entering most trades, and without skills or knowledge of money matters, she depended on the generosity of others . . . and "charmed for her life."

Peasant or princess, until lately, woman's only assurance of the future, was marriage.

Today's fair lady wants a fair deal.

Many of today's women choose to "fend for themselves" and recognize they can no longer afford "demure innocence" in money matters. Taking the future firmly into their own hands, they are making great strides from dependence to independence and undertaking responsibility for the plans and decisions for their future security that up until now had been left to men.



Life insurance will be a key element in those plans. But to provide lasting security, life insurance plans must be fashioned with skill, imagination and insights. Insights. It's a word we at ManuLife use to describe the care, skill and creativity we bring to bear on your insurance needs.

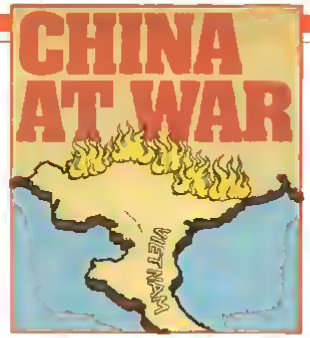
Think about insights into insurance from ManuLife . . . the help and information you can depend on to keep your independence secure.

Insights into Insurance

ManuLife

The Manufacturers Life Insurance Company





Teng, Carter and Brazhnev like a robber whetting his knife before robbing the store





The thin red line

They came like other, long-forgotten armies, to haunt the dreams of peace. No one could be sure what their true purpose was, and no one knew when they would leave. But from the moment Chinese troops invaded Vietnam everyone from President Jimmy Carter downwards knew that one small miscalculation could bring the Soviet Union to the aid of its ally in Hanoi—matching two of the world's three superpowers against each other and starting a chain of events which could lead anywhere.

Ten days later, as Chinese and Vietnamese forces remained locked in battle, one of the queasiest international cliffhangers since U.S. president John F. Kennedy faced down Nikita Khrushchev in the Cuban missile crisis was still in progress at week's end. The Chinese, after a painstaking advance averaging about 20 miles through the misty border hills and coastal plains, were still locked in battle with the Vietnamese. A key battle was developing around the town of Lang Son, on the invasion route the Mongols once used.

The U.N. Security Council was still searching for a formula to end the fighting, under the urging of the majority of its members. Canada's ambassador William Barton called for a cease-fire throughout the Indochinese peninsula and the withdrawal of all foreign forces—a reference to the 100,000 Vietnamese troops still in Cambodia following their overthrow of the Pol Pot regime there.

The Chinese, who had started out by asserting that they merely intended to punish Vietnam for recent border violations and had no territorial ambitions, were saying that they had a few "more lessons" to teach the Vietnamese and in any case would ultimately withdraw to "what China claims is the borderline, not the line Vietnam insists on." And the Soviet Union, on a rising note of anger, was denouncing China for trying to "plunge the world into war," as the United States (whose treasury secretary Michael Blumenthal went to Peking to deliver a note of concern from Carter) for having "connived and plotted" with China.

Throughout the week, the tension had built up as the world eavesdropped on this threatening neighbors' brawl. Few Western correspondents managed to get near the actual fighting so what news there was came from a mixture of more or less accurate sources—U.S. spy satellites, the statements of the countries concerned and correspondents' reports from their capitals.

In theory the struggle pitted China's vast manpower, backed by a numerically impressive but largely outdated reservoir of planes, tanks and guns, against a 600,000-strong Vietnamese army which, while much smaller, was armed with up-to-date Soviet and captured American equipment. In practice, the Chinese, under the command of Korean War veteran Yang Te-chih, had committed about 150,000 out of 350,000 troops massed with several thousand tanks and 1,000 planes in the border area. The Vietnamese had rather fewer, mainly militiamen in the fighting, with crack divisions in reserve protecting the capital, Hanoi.

But both sides had to look over their shoulders: the Vietnamese to the embers of Pol Pot resistance in Cambodia and to South Vietnam, still not pacified following the U.S. departure in 1975; the Chinese to their northern border where huge Soviet forces backed by tactical nuclear weapons and 2,000 aircraft were poised to strike if the Kremlin judged the moment ripe. A newly signed agreement with India over troubles on that shared border enabled the Chinese to move another 140,000 men north to help meet this threat. But Western strategists did not give them much chance of stopping the Soviets if they chose to move.

For the moment, anyway, the Chinese had their hands full in Vietnam. In contrast with their 1962 border war with India, when they swept aside the opposition and withdrew at leisure four weeks later, their initial thrusts were meeting determined resistance. The question, increasingly, was how the Chinese would manage to extricate themselves without either involving the Soviets, or having to fight a protracted war. Indochina's historical record, as the United States could testify, is not on the side of the aggressor.

The internecine wars between China and Vietnam far predate the MiGs, missiles, tanks and Kalashnikov rifles of the current fray. More than 2,000 years ago, warriors of the Han Dynasty swarmed across the low mountains and jungle of the border country to capture "Nam-viet," the northern half of today's Vietnam. Rather hastily, it seems, they renamed it Annam, "Pacify the South."

The 1,000-year occupation that followed brought on a prolonged guerrilla war, for even then the Vietnamese had the feisty fighting spirit that has made more recent colonizers regret their temerity. Mongol horsemen swooped down upon Hanoi three times in the 13th century, but they were beaten off with the same determination that repelled a fresh Chinese sally in 1428. For centuries after, the northern behemoth was happy to keep Vietnam at arm's length as one of its tributary states—officially inferior allies.

The gut animosity and suspicion never quite healed, although Vietnam readily adopted a Confucian Chinese-style government, bore China's cultural imprint and carried on cultural, diplomatic and economic contacts.

Nevertheless, China relinquished its traditional claim to suzerainty over Vietnam only in 1885, after the Sino-French War led to the beginning of the undistinguished French colonial administration. The period of shortlived, modern co-operation between China and Vietnam began in 1941, when Nationalist China gave Ho Chi Minh's Communist Viet Minh support, as well as a staging area across the border.

Ho Chi Minh raised the flag on Viet independence in 1945, and the success of Mao Tse-tung's "New Democracy" in the late 1940s naturally strengthened Ho's movement. Between the ignominious French defeat in 1954 and the American "peace with honor" 21 years later, China poured between $10 and $18 billion worth of aid into Hanoi's war machine. But China's rivals in Moscow gave Hanoi half as much support again, according to U.S. state department estimates, and were North Vietnam's main source of arms and other fighting equipment.

Some observers date the current conflict back to 1975, when China cut off all arms supplies to Hanoi, whose enraged leaders then turned to Moscow to make up the difference. Since that time the pace of complaint, accusation and insult has steadily quickened, and China aligned itself with Vietnam's foe, the Pol Pot regime of Cambodia. That brought fresh energy to the old quarrel between Moscow and Peking, each accusing the other of acquisitiveness in Southeast Asia, so that even the smallest provocations were seen as parts of menacing grand designs.

Not that the provocations were all minor. The fighting along the Vietnam-Cambodia border, the harassment and expulsion of 160,000 of the 1.5 million ethnic Chinese living within Vietnam, and repeated skirmishing at the China-Vietnam border in the last several months gave an urgency to the confrontation that seemed to be building inexorably toward the battle royal that began in mid-February.

Vietnamese artillery and (bottom) soldiers pursuing Chinese, a neighborhood brawl





Hostilities came to an ominous turn in August when, after a particularly violent club-and-dagger fight in which at least seven refugees were killed at the Friendship Pass, about 400 Vietnamese troops rushed over the border and captured Bonien Hill, overlooking the pass. A major battle was averted when Chinese troops did not counterattack, but both sides moved additional forces into the area. Diplomatic talks designed to sort out the refugee affair broke off for the seventh and final time Sept. 25, when Hanoi accused China of massing troops, hundreds of tanks and planes along the border.

It was the Vietnamese invasion of Cambodia on Christmas Day, launched with all the formidable might of one of the world's largest armies, that broke what constraint remained in relations across the Friendship Pass. China's

Vice-Premier, Teng Hsiao-ping, told senators in Washington soon after that Vietnam would "have to be taught a bloody lesson," and tens of thousands of Chinese troops were transferred from their symbolic post opposite Taiwan for more urgent duty in Kwangsi Province.

In counterpoint to the direct rivalry between these old foes lies the equally bitter rivalry between China and the Soviet Union. In 1978, the fierce diplomatic competition between the two giants was played out in wary capital cities around the world. China felt Moscow's breath when Vietnam was admitted to Comecon, the economic association of the Soviet bloc, in June (that came just weeks after Soviet and Chinese troops clashed briefly on the Manchurian border) and China returned the trick in August, when Chairman Hua Kuo-feng's visit to Romania and Yugoslavia brought furious condemnations from Moscow, as did Teng's triumphant visit to Japan to sign a peace and friendship agreement. Moscow was stung by the so-called "anti-hegemony clause" in the treaty, and retaliated by sending soldiers and guns to the Kurile Islands—as much as telling Tokyo to forget its long-standing claim to the land.

In early November, Vietnam signed a friendship treaty with the Soviet Union and—three days later, on a diplomatic visit to Bangkok—Teng told his Thai hosts that the treaty was not "directed against China alone," but represented a threat to Asia and the entire world.

It was a major verbal broadside—one of the last in the war of words which preceded the real fighting. Teng was near the decision that the time had come, if not to "pacify the south" again, at least to give it a corrective cuff. The military buildup accelerated on the Chinese side, battle maps were unfolded and thousands of Chinese units headed south. The signal was given. The war was on.



Wounded Vietnamese militiaman being carried near Lao Cai giving a corrective cuff

Although Western analysts were quick to recall the warning of "punitive action," the attack which came early on the morning of Feb. 17 still shocked and surprised world leaders. They simply hadn't believed the Chinese would undertake such a risky venture, and no one apparently was more surprised than the Vietnamese themselves. as the Chinese troops moved forward, Hanoi's top leaders were in the Cambodian capital, Phnom Penh, for a meeting with the leaders of the Cambodian government they had recently put into power.

The initial Chinese offensive quickly divided into 14 separate thrusts involving about 90,000 men. They were opposed by about 80,000 Vietnamese militiamen in the tortuous, mountainous border terrain. But if they were part-timers, the Vietnamese were nothing if not wholehearted. Well-trained and heavily armed with the latest Soviet equipment, including anti-tank rockets and remote-guidance missiles, they proved to be of far greater quality than the Chinese expected.

In 14 hours of fighting, the Chinese pushed forward about six miles and then dug in. Meanwhile the propaganda had begun to fly. In Peking, the government said its aim was merely to "punish" Hanoi for invading Cambodia and proposed negotiations "to discuss the restoration of peace." In Hanoi, the politburo turned down the Chinese offer and asked, "What is there to talk about? It is like the robber whetting his knife in front of the housewife as he bargains for what he is going to steal."

Fighting continued throughout Sunday with the Chinese keeping their aircraft—mostly out-of-date MiGs supplied by the Soviet Union 20 years ago—behind the lines and out of the way of sophisticated ground-to-air missiles which the Vietnamese were known to possess. Vietnam's small but highly trained and modern air arm also kept its distance. It seemed that both sides wanted to limit the action.

The following day, however, the Chinese moved forward again, this time along the railroad lines that run from China's border provinces, Yunnan and Kwangsi to Hanoi. They gained another four miles before halting once more—and Western intelligence sources noted that the Chinese army has difficulty keeping itself supplied in the field and its tactics since the Korean War have been to move in short bursts.

But if the actual fighting was labored, the propaganda was lively enough. Hanoi was claiming to have killed 5,000 Chinese soldiers while, in Peking on Tuesday, there was a diplomatic double shuffle with one senior diplomat indicating early in the day that troops were starting to withdraw, only to be contradicted later.



Soviet tanks on manoeuvres in Siberia concern from the noncombatant West

In Washington the theory was that the Chinese had planned to overrun the Vietnamese militia on Saturday and penetrate another 50 miles toward Hanoi, destroying much of the Vietnamese army on the way, in the following 48 hours before retiring. But if that was the plan, the devastating hit-and-run mission clearly had misfired—and with it the hope that everything would be over before the Soviet Union could take counter-action. On Wednesday, a Soviet naval force of 11 vessels, mainly intelligence ships but including a guided-missile cruiser, was casting an ominous shadow of possible future events.

By Thursday, the Chinese had time to take stock and regroup. With 150,000 troops committed, they launched fierce attacks in the Lang Son and Lao Cai sectors. The mass of the Vietnamese army remained around Hanoi, however, and there was no sign of any major pull-out from Cambodia.

Thus far the fighting had underlined the contrast between the two armies. While the Vietnamese were well supplied with motor transport, the Chinese infantry was moving primarily on foot. While Vietnam's army was superbly trained and armed, the Chinese were still using 30-year-old weapons and it was clear to all by Friday that their chief tactic was to overwhelm the Vietnamese with sheer numbers.

During Thursday and Friday, China moved another 200,000 men up to the border area as the fiercest battles of the war got under way. During the weekend there were signs that they had achieved some success. Four of the six Vietnamese provincial capitals along the invasion routes—Lai Chau, Lao Cai, Cao Bang and Mong Cai—were reported in Chinese hands and the key city of Lang Son, on the coastal plains, was under heavy pressure. Meanwhile the Soviets had begun a 6,000-mile airlift of anti-tank missiles and radar equipment and sent a high-ranking military delegation for talks in Hanoi.



On the propaganda front, the Vietnamese were claiming that heavy fighting had driven China's casualty toll over 12,000. Fourteen battalions had been badly mauled and 140 tanks and armored cars destroyed. Peking replied that the invasion would continue until "Vietnam feels pain."

More ominously the Soviet Union had dispatched three more ships to Vietnamese waters and troops of its ally, Mongolia, were reported moving toward the Chinese border. But a senior diplomat in Washington said: "I still can't believe that the Soviets are going to get directly involved in this one yet. There's no sign of major activity on the Sino-Soviet border."

Through the week, the din of battle was counterpointed by an increasingly noisy chorus of concern from noncombattants in the West. The worry was that the Soviet Union might decide it had to go to the support of its Vietnamese allies and, with 650,000 troops and what the U.S. described as an "immense" amount of rocketry already deployed along the 5,000-mile Soviet border, it was a real threat.

Messages urging restraint were sent to Peking and Moscow by the United States and most of its allies, while President Jimmy Carter was kept informed of the military situation on an hourly basis and, said the White House, made several telephone calls to Moscow and Peking. But if the Chinese heard those calls for withdrawal they did not heed them, and the fears were heightened by tough early statements from the Kremlin that China should withdraw before it was "too late."

Tensions eased after the first few days when the Soviet Union did not seem to be intervening. But as fighting intensified again, the Soviet comments became more bearish and there was a major flurry of concern over reports, later played down, that Chinese aircraft had attacked Soviet ships landing supplies at the Vietnamese port of Haiphong on Friday.

At week's end, American intelligence analysts said they saw no overt signs that Moscow was preparing to attack. But they added that little preparation was needed. "If the Soviets really are thinking of striking at the Chinese across the border they are likely to do it quickly," said one Pentagon official. But the truth was that no one knew just what the Soviets were about to do—and that was probably exactly the way Moscow wanted it.

William Lowther/Michael Clugston, from correspondents' files

The U.S.

Renegades to the rescue

It's never good weather for farmers But they usually manage to cope somehow—and never more successfully than last week, in the aftermath of Washington's worst snowstorm in more than 50 years In recent weeks the legions from the Midwest have become about as popular as an Indian war party for their cause They even called at the home of one of their chief critics, *Washington Post* columnist Richard Cohen, and took him on a joyride In his next column, they didn't look so bad

The farmers are demanding the right to raise prices at nearly the same rate as non-farm prices They say that while the government is always providing new ways to borrow money, it doesn't allow them to make enough to repay their loans One of their signs said "If farming is so great, how come Jimmy gave it up"

The government replies that to concede the claim would drive food prices through the ceiling According to the agriculture department, farm income topped $28 billion in 1978, nearly $2 billion higher than predicted. Secretary of Agriculture Bob Bergland says what's driving the farmers is "old-fashioned greed"



Protest tractor goes to work: If it's so great, why did Jimmy Carter quit farming?

The farmers got the support of a small group of Canadian farmers who flew here last week from Manitoba and Saskatchewan Elroy Karius, a wheat farmer from Melville, Saskatchewan, says that while there is no "parity" program in Canada, grain farmers suffer from the same low prices as their American brothers. "In 1973, a bushel of wheat bought a barrel of oil Now the oil brings five times as much as the wheat. All we can do is borrow more money," he told *Maclean's* "But sooner or later those debts have to be paid"

So the protest in Washington continues Said Karius, asked how long they would stay "Quite some time Most of them don't have much to go home to."

Catherine Fox

at a Sunday-school outing as their giant vehicles snarled up traffic and churned up the capital's principal tourist attraction, the Mall, in an attempt to bulldoze Congress into upping farm aid

Then came the snow, two feet of it, and on the morning after, nothing budged on Pennsylvania Avenue (or anywhere else)—until the farmers moved in First a mammoth green tractor, flags fluttering from the roof, loudspeaker blaring *This Land Is Your Land* crawled past the Capitol, flattening a pathway with its giant wheels

Before long, the tractors were everywhere, pulling out immobilized snow plows, cars and buses. The American Agricultural Movement headquarters became an emergency centre, sending the eager farmers to area hospitals, taking doctors and nurses to work, delivering much needed supplies Some of the protesters worked for 60 hours without a break, doing a superb PR job

London

The once and future kings

It was quite like old times at London's elegant Savoy Hotel—old times, that is, before the deluge of war and revolution swept most of Europe's monarchs off their thrones. Representatives of 10 vanished royal houses and a sprinkling of lesser highnesses gathered there last week for their annual banquet of nostalgia under the aegis of Britain's Monarchist League, an organization dedicated to the institution of monarchy and dreams of its revival

This year's guest of honor at the $60-a-head dinner, which drew a record attendance of 150, was King Simeon II of Bulgaria Simeon, a handsome, lithe 41-year-old who runs various business enterprises in Madrid, is unusual among the league's royal protégés in that he actually ruled for a short time, albeit under a wartime regency when he was only six years old After the Soviet-backed coup of 1944, he sought refuge in Egypt and now deploys his linguistic skills (he speaks eight languages) travelling the world to put heart into exiled Bulgarian communities

At the dinner, the Savoy's Lancaster Room was ablaze with orders and decorations bearing resounding names like the Grand Cordon of the Crown of Yemen A string orchestra played, champagne was sipped The guest list read like a page from a pre-war society magazine Prince Tomislav of Yugoslavia, Her Imperial Highness Princess Marian of Ethiopia, Her Serene Highness the Princess of Pless, Prince Abul Farid ay of Iran (the real Iranian royal family, ousted by the Shah's father in the 1920s) and so on

They dined on clear tomato soup, seafood pilaff, chicken Kiev "Du Roi" and a black-currant ice dessert flamed in kirsch Then, as the blue cigar smoke wreathed over the port, came the speeches—stirring stuff about the virtues of continuity and security which monarchy could bestow on a chaotic world

King Simeon expounded a favorite theme, the intellectual struggle between left and right, John Biggs-Davison, a right-wing Conservative MP mourned events in Iran; and Nick Parker, an American who advises the exiled royal family of Yemen, warned of the dangers facing the Middle East if other ruling families there were toppled

The Monarchist League, formed in 1943, is presided over by the 63-year-old landowning Marquess of Bristol (who lists membership of the Eccentric Club among other entries in *Who's Who*) and is run by investment consultant Michael Wynne-Parker. It has an office among the embassies in London's smart Belgravia district and claims a membership of "many thousands," including a "very large" contingent in Canada Former prime minister John Diefenbaker is listed on the "Council of Honor" in its monthly magazine, *The Monarchist*

After the dinner League officials claimed they were well pleased with its success despite the absence of Europe's most prestigious royal, Constantine of Greece. The Savoy cloakroom attendants, on the other hand, were probably too busy keeping an eye open for the sharp end of a Bulgarian umbrella to care

Carol Kennedy



King Simeon: as the cigar smoke wreathed over the port, stirring stuff about virtues

Bangladesh

New hope for a basket case

Despite the news-coverage drought attending it, last week's election in Bangladesh brought two important indications of change for that "international basket case," as Henry Kissinger once called it. One was for an imminent return to democracy, the other that President Zia ur Rahman may have what it takes to ease the country's staggering economic and social problems

Soon after independence eight years ago, the original democracy slid into dictatorship under the flamboyant and lackadaisical leadership of the assassinated (in 1975) Sheik Mujib Rahman Now, after four years of martial law under Zia, it is almost back where it began Zia still has not lifted restrictions (he promises to do so within a week after the new parliament meets next month), nor did he stand for election But he was massively confirmed in office in a referendum last May, and in last week's election his Bangladesh Nationalist Party won 203 of the 300 seats The Awami League (Mujib's old party) won 40, and a coalition of two fundamentalist Moslem parties was third with 19 seats

The new House faces the herculean tasks of making the country self-sufficient in food production and reducing the appalling birthrate that has crammed 82 million mostly illiterate people into an area only slightly larger than Nova Scotia and New Brunswick together. Since the 1971 civil war and the cyclones, famines and floods that followed, the country has been sustained by huge doles of international aid

Some observers would see the election as a sign to the West that Bangladesh deserves to keep getting that aid Zia has inspired confidence at home despite his hardheaded approach to political survival—he has jailed several thousand political opponents In a land where the corruption and laggard pace of bureaucracy are as unfailing as the monsoon season, he has built a reputation for incorruptibility and for getting things done He has even tackled the inefficiency of the civil service Bureaucrats now get to their desks by 7:30 a.m.—instead of 10 a.m.

Certainly, the face of political respectability that Zia is giving the country will make it more attractive to foreign private investors—or so the president hopes He has already begun to move Bangladesh toward self-sufficiency in food production, less reliance on aid and a healthier industrial setup He has also promoted a family-planning campaign, though with more sensitivity than Sanjay Gandhi did in India. But agricultural development is the first priority—and for that, Zia is desperate for foreign capital. As one of his close advisers said recently "For Bangladesh, stability is just the starting point."

Michael Clugston

President Zia in victory: all bureaucrats to their desks by 7:30—or else





DAN TURNER

Nigeria

From bloom to gloom in the 'great black hope'

As the White House last week pondered its next moves to extract oil from its not-too-willing neighbor, Mexico, U.S. energy managers, seismographs at the ready, were anxiously looking for Iranian-type tremors among the country's other oil suppliers. One of those was Nigeria, second-largest source after Saudi Arabia, where the heirs to the Biafran civil war are preparing for the first democratic elections in 13 years. With oil reserves which will last well into the next century, Nigeria should be booming. But some observers claim to detect a strong current of potential unrest stemming from the classic Iranian mix: a substantial (47-per-cent) Moslem population, poverty, urban unemployment, the breakdown of traditional life and failure to satisfy rising expectations. Maclean's *Africa Bureau Chief Dan Turner reports.*

Above the doorway to truck driver Emory Bassey's sparse, muggy flat in Ibadan hangs a dusty cardboard homily from the pen of Ralph Waldo Emerson: "Not gold, but only strong men and women, can make a nation great and strong." "You see," says Bassey glumly, "oil has been Nigeria's gold, but has failed to make us great and strong. Now we are trying to find the solution through elections. But instead of strong men and women they give us the old brigade."

After waiting 13 years for a return to civilian government, Emory Bassey says he will not vote when the elections are finally called. His country's estimated 100 million citizens are better off under military rule, he says.

Nigeria's supreme military government, under the leadership of Lieutenant-General Olusegun Obasanjo, has won widespread acclaim for scrupulously following up its commitment to turn over power to a civilian government before October. Arrangements for the elections—which will include balloting for a national president, a two-house federal legislature, governors of each of Nigeria's 19 states and their legislatures—are virtually in place. There is little to do but designate a date or series of dates on which the country's 47 million registered electors can vote.

A new constitution has been painstakingly drafted by a 223-member constitutional assembly. It combines many of the best features of the American model with safeguards designed to ensure enough representation from all the regions to avoid the resurgence of tribal politics that shattered parliamentary democracy in 1966 and led to the devastating civil war between 1967 and 1970.

And yet the electoral breeze, which will make Nigeria the world's fourth largest democracy and has been billed as perhaps the most important in Africa's history, has stirred apprehension and disappointment rather than elation. The once defiant optimism of Obasanjo—"If our limited resources are judiciously harnessed and utilized ... Nigeria is bound in time to become a country of which every black man can be proud," he said two years ago—now seems more and more misplaced.

Long before the oil boom, Nigeria was the great black hope. What emerged after independence in 1960 was a truly emancipated country and even after the tribal bitterness of the civil war, Nigeria astounded the cynical by eschewing genocide in favor of reconciliation. Which is all to be remembered when driving through Ibadan today. A decade ago, Ibadan had a regular supply of electricity, running water, telephones, gasoline and paved roads. Now, the recurring absence of these basic services has turned the second largest city in black Africa back into an endless, squalid village.

Ibadan is the hub of Western Nigeria—the section of the country regarded as having gobbled up the lion's share of tens of billions of dollars in oil revenues during the 1970s. So its decline is both staggering and embarrassing. Where did all that sweet crude lucre that was to marry this country's frenetic energy to endless opportunity ever get to?

Some of it, it is generally agreed, was just badly spent, primarily by the military government of General Yakubu Gowon. He was deposed in 1975, but not before, as one American embassy official puts it, he had "bought up every white elephant he could find." There were sports stadiums, parade grounds,

Lagos street: black man should be proud

schools (for which there were no teachers), a worldwide black arts festival run with the spendthrift mentality of the Montreal Olympics, and more.

There were massive civil-service salary increases that helped drive the inflation rate over 35 per cent. And there was the retention of a 200,000-man army that swallowed 40 per cent of the federal government's recurring expenditures (the feeling was that enough soldiers were already involved in robbery without taking them off the payroll wagon).

Meanwhile ranking government officials set up their own companies at home and abroad, and the more money the government spent the more they stashed away. "With us Nigerians," lamented noted law professor Ben O. Nwabueze in a recent speech, "the state is treated as an object of plunder to satisfy the interests of the rulers and their friends and relatives." In contrast, says a confidential World Bank report, it was doubtful whether the average Nigerian had benefited at all.

This combination of oil wealth and traditional petty trading has produced all the swashbuckling ugliness of 19th-century North American capitalism without the essential ingredient: production. Of every dollar a Nigerian spends, 70 cents goes on imports. Nigeria's balance of trade was plus $12.1 billion dollars on the oil account in 1977, minus $10 billion dollars everywhere else. The country's once proud agriculture industry—based on exports of peanuts, cocoa and palm products—has all but collapsed as rural youth rushes to the city to get in on the booty. In addition to a lack of producers there is a dearth of technicians, the archaic school system offers little but second-rate academic training.

That is the situation which a new Nigerian civil government will have to confront sometime this year, if all goes according to plan. But the list of five approved political parties the Federal Electoral Commission has selected from more than 35 aspirants mostly contains names from the country's turbulent and ethnically divided past. The three leading presidential contenders are:

Chief Obafemi (Awo) Awolowo, now 70, from Western Nigeria, leader of the Unity Party of Nigeria (UPN). Awolowo, a former opposition leader, is concerned enough about his past image to have issued one booklet certifying that he does not hate the Ibo tribe (he called starvation a legitimate weapon of war during the Biafran crisis) and another saying it is unfair of people to call him dictatorial, vindictive and unforgiving.

Then there is Nnamdi (Zik) Azikiwe, now 74, an Ibo, leader of the Nigeria People's Party (NPP), Awo's old political nemesis and Nigeria's first president.

The third man is Alhaji Shehu Shagari, 53, former parliamentary secretary to the late Hausa tribal leader, Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa, who was killed in the 1966 coup. Shagari leads the National Party of Nigeria (NPN) which claims to be much more than an ethnically based party of the Moslem north, but which somehow designed its leadership selection process so southerners could not qualify.

The two other candidates, both northerners, are also veterans. Alhaji Waziri Ibrahim, 59, leader of the Great Nigeria People's Party (GNPP), a former haberdasher who amassed a large fortune selling guns during the civil war, and Alhaji Aminu Kano, a radical populist who could give either Awolowo or Azikiwe a major boost if he joined them in opposition to Shagari's group, which is given an edge.

The big question is whether the various parties and their supporters will restrain themselves enough to keep the electoral process going until polling day. After only a few weeks of campaigning there have been knife fights and stone-throwing incidents aplenty. Charges of vote buying and convention rigging abound.

The aggressiveness at the hustings, however, merely reflects that in the marketplace. Most newcomers to the country find the level of belligerence in everyday social situations astonishing. Soldiers brutalize civilians, villagers set neighboring villages ablaze over land claims, people smash their way into and out of elevators, pickpockets are bathed in kerosene and burned in the city square.

Whether the frustrations and hostilities of the ordinary Nigerian will someday translate into a revolt against the establishment that runs the country is an open question. Alfred Opubor, head of the department of mass communications at the University of Lagos, thinks not. "If the average person were given a chance at the top they wouldn't try to run things any differently," he says. "Everybody knows of somebody who's got rich quick on some government contract and everybody's looking for the same opening."

There are also doubts about the Moslem-Christian divisions within the country. At one point last year it appeared there would be no new constitution when a large contingent of northern Moslems walked out of the talks because the southern Christians were refusing to incorporate Islamic law into the proposed high-court system. But a compromise was reached which appeared to augur well for religious as well as tribal harmony.

What emerges, however, is a country on the make that isn't making it, a factor which may have led Obasanjo to warn his countrymen against accepting at face value the promises the politicians are making them. "It is entirely up to you," he said, "to be able to discern what is possible from what is impossible."

Significantly, however, Obasanjo reserved his most earnest warnings for the "old politicians." They had better show some remorse and change their style, he said, or the army would be forced to take over again. Paradoxically, in election year, the prospect is a very real one, and while Emory Bassey might welcome it, everyone agrees it would end the democratic experiment in Nigeria for a long, long time.

Lagos harbor. 'Oil has been Nigeria's gold, but failed to make us strong'



In what gossip columnists would call a journalistic coup, the Washington *Star* last week leaked the partial contents of **Margaret Trudeau**'s autobiography *Beyond Reason*, in which the PM comes off smelling like the rose in his lapel and Margaret comes off sounding like *Reefer Madness*. According to the gossip column *The Ear*, Margaret tells all about heavy dope communes in Morocco where, in the pre-Pierre era, she tried every kind of drug except opium. Moving right along to their courtship, everything was "idyllic" except that "Pierre, a good Catholic, insisted she get off the pill." Once they'd moved into 24 Sussex Drive, "poor Maggie had to sneak up and smoke dope in her room" only to be troubled one day by a "Canadian mounted cop who handed her a stick of incense and said, 'You'd better burn this, we can smell it all over.'" Of **Fidel Castro** with whom she flirted under Pierre's nose, Maggie admits, "He was the sexiest man I ever met." And of **Princa Charisa**, the column adds, "He whisked her onto the dance floor during the official ball and proceeded to leer down the front of her décolleté frock." For further detail, stay tuned to April 2 when the world wide serialization of the book will begin.

After 20 years of acting in the shadow of such supernovas as **Jack Nicholson** in *The King of Marvin Gardens*, **Robert Redford** in *The Great Gatsby* and **John Wayne** in *The Cowboys*, **Bruce Dern**, 42, has secured something of a cult following but suffers somewhat from stellar eclipse. And although he received an Oscar nomination last week for best supporting actor in *Coming Home*, Dern has decided to try life at the top of a billing. In what will be his first stage role in 20 years, Dern will play the part of American author **Sinclair Lewis** *(Babbitt, Main Street)* in *Strangers*, a play about the eccentric Nobel Prize-winning novelist, which opens March 4 at Broadway's Golden Theatre. Actress **Lois Nettleton** will star as Lewis's journalist wife, Dorothy Thompson. In researching the role, Dern discovered that he and Lewis had at least one thing in common—both had journalism backgrounds. "He was more successful than me," admitted Dern, a veteran of 35 movies. "He held a job with a paper. I never made it past the first year of journalism school."

It was not an auspicious beginning. After a three-hour car ride through a recent western Ontario blizzard, New York stage and film director **Mike Nichols** *(The Graduate, Carnal Knowledge)* arrived at Listowel's community hall to see **Eric Peterson** in *Billy Bishop Goes to War*, in what could only be described as an "alternate" theatre. The hall, a converted railway station, wasn't built for viewing and Nichols was forced to stand in order to cast his directorial eye on the show's first half. Although he didn't catch the cold which was spreading through the company, Nichols did come down with the assessment that he would like to take the play to New York after its Canadian tour. Said Vancouver producer Chris Wootan: "He thought it was a gem."



Trudeau sounding like 'Reefer Madness'



Dern: suffering acutely from stellar eclipse

There's one noticeable absence in the White House's presidential portraiture: **Richard Nixon**, the only U.S. president ever forced to resign from office, is also the only former chief executive officer not framed and hanging in the White House corridors. Although the task of commissioning a portrait usually falls to the succeeding president, **Gerald Ford** obviously didn't want to push his luck after pardoning his hastily departed predecessor. However, in the continuing effort by the Democratic White House to rehabilitate the image of Nixon, President **Jimmy Carter** is considering asking Nixon to sit for a portrait. Having recently shown up at a White House dinner for visiting Chinese Vice-Premier **Teng Hsiao-ping**, Nixon is not likely to refuse the invitation.

Montreal dancer **Margie Gillis**, 25, has been compared to Isadora Duncan, yet considers herself spiritually closer to Janis Joplin. That occasionally makes for problems in cities where people consider dance to be either ballet, striptease or disco. But having completed a critically successful first national tour at Vancouver's Western Front last week, Gillis plans to take her at-times bare-breasted, at-times bars-blues solo dance show out of the smaller Canadian dance halls and into the U.S. Although she comes from an athletic family—her parents **Gene Gillis** and **Rhona Wurtele** were Olympic skiers, her brother **Jere Gillis** plays hockey for the NHL's Vancouver Canucks—Gillis didn't exactly follow the eight-fold path to health and happiness. As a child, she had a nervous breakdown and as a teen-ager, she admits, "I used to spend all my time in bars with a quart of beer in one hand, a pack of cigarettes in the other, pretending I was Joplin."

Tandy-Cronyn: snd s vitriolic two-handar





Gillis: spiritually elnaar to Janis Joplin

Night after night for the past 18 months, **Jessica Tandy** and **Hume Cronyn** have been squaring off around a Broadway-stage card table, giving one another a rummy deal in **D. L. Coburn**'s Pulitzer Prize-winning play, *The Gin Game*. Since the play is slated to go to London in the summer and a tour of U.S.S.R. next December is also in the cards, the husband and wife duo do have a few hands yet to play. So it's little wonder that in their offstage hours, life doesn't mirror art. "He won't play cards at all," said Tandy, 69, while in Toronto last week, performing at the Royal Alexandra Theatre. "I only play canasta with my dresser." While Cronyn, 67, admits the difficulty of keeping the vitriolic two-hander fresh after such a lengthy run, Tandy is at least grateful for the fact that Coburn rewrote the play eliminating her death in the final scene. "Originally, Weller [Cronyn] was supposed to beat me to death," said Tandy, turning to her husband. "Think of all the aggression you could have gotten rid of." Replied Cronyn: "I still do."

Although the debut of the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra at New York's Carnegie Hall wouldn't normally be considered a "musical event" by anyone outside a claque, the orchestra's March 3 appearance will attract such notables as **President and Mrs. Jimmy Carter**, United Nations Secretary-General **Kurt Waldheim**, Prime Minister **Pierre Trudeau** and assorted ambassadorial and musical personalities from around the world. No doubt some of the allure is due to the fact that WSO will be sharing the stage with guest artists of the magnitude of violinists **Yehudi Menuhin** and **Ruggiero Ricci**, guitarist **Andrés Segovia**, flutist **Jean-Pierre Rampal**, singer **Maureen Forrester**, dancer **Joan Greco** and actors **Peter Ustinov** and **José Ferrer**. The concert is a fund-raising benefit in aid of the Symphonicum Europae Foundation Limited, a 15-year-old organization set up to "achieve greater spiritual fusion of Man through the Arts." Why was the WSO chosen to provide the background music? **Piero Gamba**, the WSO's musical director and conductor, just happens to be the founding president of the organization.

Edited by Jane O'Hara



Business

Fury signifying nothing

Mostly these things are smells, essences after the thunderclaps that are a week's events A seven per-cent rise in the price of oil in Abu Dhabi and Qatar mingles with impressions of oil swaps and shortages, and grows pervasive as international fear But in Canada, it all had the unmistakable *phew* of an election Last week's reek was emanating from Alastair Gillespie Goaded by Opposition members in the House of Commons, the energy minister was busily dumping on the Exxon Corporation for its heavy-handed directive to subsidiary Imperial Oil Ltd to forgo 25,000 barrels a day of Venezuelan crude oil bound for its eastern Canadian refineries Exxon was going hungry, having lost its share of the six million barrels of oil Iran exported every day until last September Unlike Gillespie, who couldn't seem to decide exactly when he had heard of the diversion, but who "leaked" it to reporters when he did, Imperial President Jack Armstrong and Executive Vice-President Jim Livingstone had been expecting cutbacks of 8,000 to 10,000 barrels a day since well before Christmas and were overbuying crude oil in anticipation But the message that chunked over the Telex in Imperial's downtown Toronto headquarters Feb 1 was very different 25,000 fewer barrels a day of Venezuelan crude, a 23-per-cent cutback in Imperial's imports on top of the 40,000 barrel-a-day (17 per cent of total imports) Iranian shortfall Canada is already experiencing That could leave Eastern Canada sadly short of fuel unconnected as it is to Western Canadian pipelines Seven days later, Jack Armstrong left for New York to raise his voice at Exxon executives, and Livingstone called Gillespie to break the news




Gillespie (above) and Imperial's Armstrong (right) absence of thunderclap

Armstrong managed to push the diversion back down to approximately 10,000 barrels a day and secure at least this winter's supplies to the Maritimes by juggling refinery schedules and using a 500,000-barrel swap, whereby western Canadian crude is shipped to the U S Midwest and an equivalent volume is shipped or piped from the eastern U S to the Maritimes or Montreal Nonetheless, playing Stanley Kowalski to Imperial's Blanche, the energy minister delivered ultimatum after ultimatum Imperial was to skirt Exxon and deal directly with Venezuela, Imperial was to retrieve the diverted oil, Imperial was to comply in emergencies with a powerfully revamped energy supplies allocation bill that enables the government to allocate, ration and control the price of petroleum supplies As a further goad, Gillespie told a baying House of Commons he would withhold approval of a second 500,000-barrel Imperial swap until Canada's largest oil company did negotiate directly with Venezuela

A nice but ignoble try Livingstone says Imperial *requested* that the National Energy Board shelve the swap approval it no longer needed the oil Nor is there—as there was not in the OPEC aftermath five years ago that oil companies used to such profitable advantage—an energy crisis in Canada, no matter what some denizens of a place called Ottawa were saying last week "The squeeze will come in a couple of years," says one Toronto energy policy analyst "What is at issue here is security of supply" Yet dealing directly with Venezuela—which supplies 40 per cent of Canada's imports—cannot ease Gillespie's crisis all Venezuela's currently available crude is spoken for Another 100,000 daily barrels promised from Mexico is as far away as 1980 or 1981 In the meantime, Livingstone says, unless Imperial has enough crude to begin manufacturing home-heating oil by June, the Atlantic provinces and Quebec will experience fuel shortages next winter—a perfect setup for a price increase Swaps will help, but they are certainly not steady sources of supply, and losses are incurred in both foreign exchange and transportation The only lasting answer that perfectly fits Liberal election plans (the Tories promise to dismantle it) is Petro-Canada "This is really going to strengthen Gillespie's argument that Petrocan can have a role in securing offshore supplies," admits one Calgary oil expert, the company already having approached Pemex, Mexico's national oil company With that in the works, Iran ready to resume exports within days and the Canadian Petroleum Association boosting former estimates of Alberta's gas reserves upward to 37 per cent, Alastair Gillespie's energy drama may have been little more than a convenient flash in the oilpan Electioneering aside, the "oil crisis" was once again an idea whose time had not yet come

Ian Urquhart/Ian Brown

Better they should have stood in bed

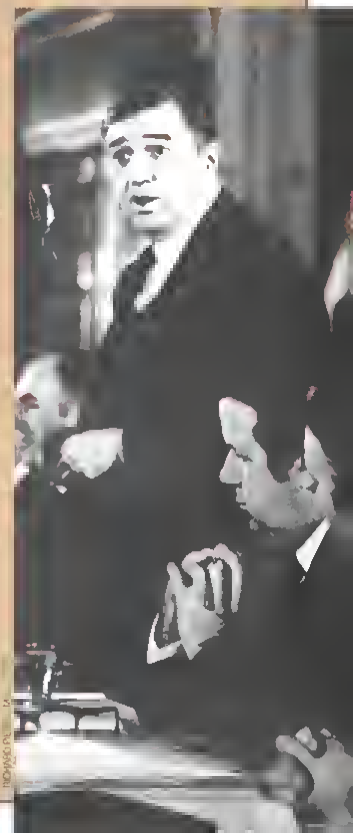
Amidst the homemade quilts and hand picked queens of the Ontario Association of Agricultural Societies convention the federal cabinet ministers were just another six man sideshow Descending on a Toronto hotel stuffed last week with the fall-fair crowd the ministers announced another link in the industrial strategy chain that the government hopes will help winch it from the electoral mire Marred by ministerial tiredness interrupted by the crackle of a paging device and the flying shards of a shattered water glass the announcements meant to continue dialogue may have only caused dislocation

Robert Andras president of the board of economic development ministers accepted more than 90 per cent of the recommendations (rejecting tax cuts) from a joint business labor group known as the Second Tier Committee saw the end to the three solitudes of business government and labor—and smelled some votes The now disbanded committee established in July to find common themes in the 23 sectoral studies begun at the first ministers' meeting in February 1978, produced 46 remarkably unanimous recommendations last fall on economic growth consultation and recognition of manufacturing's importance (*Maclean's* Nov 6)

But the public mood created by the committee chaired by GSW Ltd Chairman Ralph Barford with five members from business five from labor and one academic may now be as irrevocably broken as the empty water glass that Industry Trade and Commerce Minister Jack Horner absentmindedly crushed (I thought it was plastic) during someone's wandering answer The Canadian Labor Congress dismissed the government's response as a self-serving pre-election document adding that it might reconsider its participation in future exercises of this type Although the CLC pulled its self-described scathing attack from an Ottawa scabbard over the name of CLC Executive Vice President and Second Tier Committee member Shirley Carr the CLC is not averse to politics itself it publicly supports the New Democratic Party and has begun to turn over staff for NDP work

The official knife of business remained sheathed with two of the five members on holiday the other three unable or unwilling to comment Barford who sees himself as the neutral chairman was worried It would be too bad if political considerations became dominant [illegible] got [illegible] of the facts and the politics here That's the way things play It was playing that way Ottawa too where a depleted Liberal majority required two hours to round up enough members to beat back a Conservative adjournment motion 107 to 97 after Tory MP John Fraser charged the government's response was shallow and inconsiderate The ministers had apparently given no one much cheer and received even less Responding to a news conference question that at worst misread Canadian economic history by drawing parallels with Mexico Horner began Comparing Canada with Mexico is quite and stopped searching for the right word Starting chimed in Labor Minister Martin O Connell who snapped Why don't you go to the U S S R ? Why don't you go all the way? As they trooped out past the hall drivers display the ministers likely wished they had spent the morning handshaking the homespun small-townars in the hotel halls There they might have heard reduced rhetoric if not neighborly notes from the fall-fair people about their spring fare prospects

Roderick McQueen

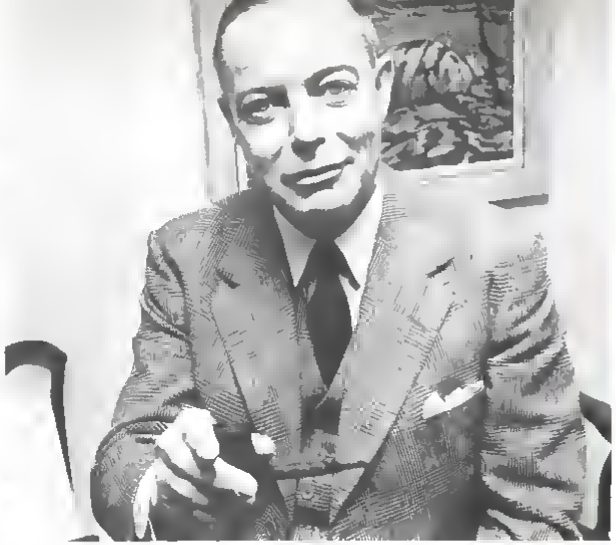


Andres (standing) with colleagues Alastair Gillespie, Marcel Lessard, Tony Abbott; amidst the quilts and handpicked queens.

Moving into the fourth dimension

The air is patrician, the hair is military, the brain is scrambling and the furniture is missing. The man who built Wood Gundy into Canada's undisputed underwriting leader, crashed with Canadian Arctic Gas and regrouped with Gulf, is on the move again. Last week, William Wilder, 56, moved in as president and chief executive officer of Consumers' Gas Co., owners of 37.9 per cent of Home Oil Co. Ltd. and a jumbling crosshatch of classy plumbing that delivers natural gas to 558,598 customers in Ontario, Quebec and New York State. Awaiting official appointment March 5 by the Consumers' board, Wilder also awaits delivery of his antique office furniture and Group of Seven paintings following him from Gulf. There, he has been healing within the womb of that fine art and furniture during the 16 months since his 15-member consortium collapsed after the National Energy Board picked Robert Blair to build the $12 billion, 2,500-mile Alaska Highway gas pipeline.

After 26 years in the investment-house hush of Wood Gundy, latterly as president, a national interest arm-twist took him to Arctic Gas in 1972. Trouble was, neither his unmatched financial packaging capacity nor his Harvard business degree put measures in his pipe rack of talent to fight the Mau-Mauing tactics of interest groups. "It was," he admits, "a pretty upsetting experience." Now it's only a financial footnote in history, and after a shortlived Gulf career as a candidate to replace soon-to-retire Chairman Clarence Shephard, Wilder is back on top where he feels he belongs. He replaces G.E. "Ted" Creber whose resignation was requested for reasons still clouded in corporate foggery, the day before the annual meeting Dec. 13. A press release fingered "a fundamental difference between Mr. Creber's view and the Consumers' board's view of what constitutes a conflict of interest." An initial Creber-approved draft was toughened and released without rechecking with him. Although the Ontario Securities Commission, says Chairman James Bafilie, is "following the situation with interest," he will neither confirm nor deny there's any formal investigation. Says Wilder: "Be patient. Things will unfold." Creber's personal use of the Consumers' Lear jet (sold last week) was not an issue in December. "That came up later," says Home Oil Chairman and Consumers' Director A.G.S. Griffin. "It was more of a confirmatory development. It is under investigation."



TARAN WELCH MACLEAN'S

Wilder of Consumers' Gas: healing within the womb of fine art and furniture

While that was being pursued, a search committee was grilling three candidates including Wilder in hour-long interviews for the job. The other two: Progas Chairman Vernon Horte and former Canadian Cablesystems chairman Anthony F. Griffiths. Wilder was the committee's first choice as it pinned its plans, among other skills, on his stickhandling ability with regulatory agencies. That political and public savvy is questioned by at least one who has worked closely with him: "Bill came out of Arctic Gas not chastened, but angry, thinking he'd been had. He tends to feel 'If I go round to see the minister, I'll fix it up.' He very much has the Upper Canada College, Toronto establishment attitude. That doesn't fly today." Other close observers disagree, saying he has changed and will surround himself with talent, knowing the importance of predicting politicians' reactions.

Predicting his own direction is a bit more tricky. "I'm scrambling now," he says, "I haven't had much time to think about the job." He's rekindling a long-standing interest in Bay of Fundy tidal power and wants Canada to embark on a project binge. "With the stagnant state of the Canadian economy, and having in mind the need for energy, what could be better than to embark on a number of major projects?" He's in a position to light some fires or find the funds these projects burn as he prepares to flash a few ideas up, feeling free for the first time since the Arctic Gas debacle. His bemused toast, that New Year's Eve was "To 1978. It can't be any worse than 1977." In 1979, his own psyche restored, he's ready again to create something around him. "Everybody likes to build," says a friend since university days, "and that's what he's doing now."

Roderick McQueen

Facts of profit, acts of faith

The cups of business ran over, and there was dancing in the streets. Following the fracas when the Centre for the Study of Inflation and Productivity's trumpeted profit figures—67 per cent increases for department stores, indeed—the country's own Statistics Canada last week blew out some numbers of its own. Industrial corporation profits for 1978 were $13.56 billion, up 26.7 per cent over 1974, the last year the numbers were worth looking at. But—good news for average folks—wages had climbed 50 per cent over the same time, to a 1978 weekly industrial average of $267. That's when the trouble started. NDP leader Ed Broadbent said it all depended what your base rate was and said he could—and then did—show that from 1975 to 1978 profits grew more than wages. As the so-thans resounded, only one thing was sure: neither profits nor wages were shrinking. Even in the case where wages increased the most, however, personal disposable income rose only 10 per cent more than the consumer price index, which was up 40 per cent. Clearly, inflation has no favorites.





Sports

Playing games in Lyon's den

Predictably, the politicians came floating down almost as thickly as the snowflakes Feb 12 as the tiny Manitoba city of Brandon braced nervously for the opening of the 1979 Jeux Canada Winter Games For Brandonites, who had worked 2½ years to prepare the city for the thousands of visitors and 2,600 athletes, civic pride was on the line. Brandon (population 36,000) is the smallest city ever awarded the games.

For the young athletes, many in their first major competitions, there were team and personal triumphs, like that of Sylvie Daigle, the 16-year-old speed skater from Sherbrooke, Quebec, with four gold medals. There was triumph, too, for deaf speed skater Farley Kellett, 18, of Saskatoon. He won the 500-metre event and happily gave interviews by having reporters write down their questions. Perhaps the greatest games triumph for Bill Moore, 38, chairman of Brandon's Friends of the Games, was knowing the city had raised $1.3 million to help pay the bills.

Led by Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, politicians made the most of their moments at the podiums. Manitoba Premier Sterling Lyon scored opening points by praying that the games' spotlight would fall on athletes, not politicians. He was less humble the following day while officially opening the boxing competition in the Centennial Auditorium. Spotting a cartoon poster of Brandy Bison, the games' mascot, Lyon mistook it for a lion and launched into what he thought was a witty speech on the considerateness of games' planners in using his namesake. His attempt to lionize the occasion faltered as an amazed audience snickered and Lyon's wife pointedly nudged him, whispering that the little beast in question had horns. Lyon, blushing to the roots of his own sandy mane, fell into sheepish silence.

Charles Starr, a 16-year-old wrestler from Sandy Bay, Manitoba, didn't have a chance to compete for a medal. Starr, an Indian, was disqualified from 220-pound-and-over class when he weighed in at 218. Officials explained that wrestlers in the heavyweight category can weigh up to 300 pounds and that they had disqualified Starr to prevent injury. The Manitoba Indian Brotherhood, however, charged that racism was at the bottom of the dispute and so they picketed the games.

The Starr controversy was not the only game in town. Some athletes complained about the under-26 age restriction on competitors, while skier Sharon Firth, who won two golds for Alberta, charged that the games were "a waste of money" because top athletes are not allowed to compete. The expressed aim of the games is to provide for the development of junior athletes, and although eligibility rules vary from sport to sport, most national- and international-level Canadian athletes are barred. An experienced national and international competitor, Firth was reinstated after being out of competition for two years. After her double victory, Firth said, "I think it's a big joke."

As the games closed and Quebec athletes went home with most of the medals, Brandonites began worrying about the cost of operating the event's main legacy—a $3.5-million Sportsplex. But shopkeepers were smiling at bank managers and hotel maids were quickly changing linen, preparing for the descent of hundreds of scientists arriving for this week's total eclipse of the sun.

Peter Carlyle-Gordge

Imagine. High Park almost as close as your own backyard.

Imagine long walks through miles of woodlands and rolling hills. Jogging, bicycling and cross-country skiing in the winter. Imagine having all this almost as close as your own backyard! That's the feeling you'll get living at High Park Green. A luxury condominium residence that's only steps away from beautiful High Park, yet only minutes by subway to Downtown Toronto. And along with all this, you'll enjoy tennis, saunas, a pool, and much more.

Come out today and discover an exciting new lifestyle at High Park Green. Priced from $67,000.

We're open for viewing Monday to Thursday from 12 to 9 p.m., Friday 12 to 6 p.m. Weekends and holidays 10 to 6 p.m.

Greenwin High Park Green
Luxury Condominium Residences
100 Quebec Avenue, Toronto
Call 763-5655





High Park Green

Living in the world of Greenwin

COURTESY OF CFL

Feel at home with another language.

You'll be able to converse comfortably after taking French, Spanish or English at The Toronto French School.

Our effective audio-visual method allows students to learn quickly — and properly.

Correct pronunciation and language intonations are stressed.

We have courses from beginner to advanced levels.

During the day or evening.

After school and Saturday classes for children and adolescents.

Even high-school credit courses in French.

For more information contact:

The Adult Education Department
1407 Yonge Street, Sta. 305,
Toronto, Ontario M4T 1Y7
929-3141

The Toronto French School

Pocket Paging



The modern business communications tool!

For only pennies a day you can now maintain contact with your office, your sales force, your service people. The expanded Maclean-Hunter Paging network, one of the largest in North America, extends from Windsor to Oshawa ... Fort Erie to Barrie. One signal covers this entire area. The speed of this new service will put you miles ahead of your competitors. Contact us for details on buying or leasing a pager.

MACLEAN-HUNTER COMMUNICATIONS LTD.
11 Greensboro Drive, Rexdale, Ontario M9W 1C7
Tel: (416) 249-8455

Behavior

That which is written cannot tell a lie

There's a clause on the back of the International Graphoanalysis Society's membership card that exhorts its graduates never to join "any group dealing with the occult." Today's graphoanalysts—handwriting experts—call their work a science and are far more interested in the boardroom than in the beyond.

Professional analysts have rejected the isolated examples which the "how-to" books of the past made popular—long, bold loops of the letter T, for instance, were said to imply a psychotic personality—and now base their work on complex factors which evaluate individual psychological makeup. As Diane Anderson, one of more than 1,000 trained Canadian graphoanalysts, says, "We'd never consider labeling a person anything on the basis of a single letter."

Last year, HuVista, Inc. of Louisville, Kentucky, the largest of some 200 handwriting consultant firms in the U.S., crossed the border and signed up several Canadian clients. It was this move that inspired two Toronto women, Anderson, 40, and Pat Girouard, 32, to open the first Canadian handwriting consultancy this winter. It specializes in personnel selection and looks for emotional response, drive, motivation, achievement factors and the correct interpersonal skills when assessing would-be employees. Fees vary from $25 to $100—and a full report takes a day to complete.

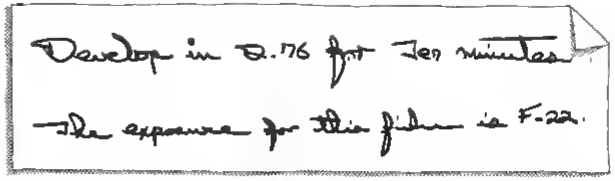
The majority of analysts use their skills in their work as teachers, psychologists or social workers. But since the success of analyst Frank G. Budd, 42, of Phoenix, Arizona, who now makes $100,000 a year, the siren call of business has lured many to specialize in this more lucrative line. Budd Analysis, Incorporated has grown at a rate of 15 per cent annually since 1971. Ninety-five per cent of the work is for insurance agencies and clients, of which there are over 150, including Manufacturers Life, State Farm and Northwestern Mutual Life.

HuVista Vice-President Ina Holmes, 37, confirms a marked growth of interest by business since her company opened in 1974. She says it's because her 140 clients can favorably compare the handwriting reports with their own evaluations. Anderson agrees. "We've analysed entire sales teams and the top people inevitably come out with the highest scores. They can see for themselves we're accurate."

All analysts—there are an estimated 10,000 individuals practising in North America—graduate from the International Graphoanalysis Society (IGAS) of Chicago, the only recognized school. The Chicago system was developed by Milton Newhouse Bunker, a Midwest shorthand teacher, who started the society in 1929.

Unfortunately, the inventor of graphoanalysis slowed his science down somewhat by destroying much of his early research because, he said, it was too personal. But studies at universities in Hawaii, Florida and in Europe dating back to the 1930s, backed by the society's own research, have built on his original findings. For example, work is now being done by IGAS in co-operation with several U.S. insurance companies to determine how the positive traits of good drivers (dignity, self-control, manual dexterity) and the negative traits of bad ones (temper, vanity, self-consciousness) show up in their writing.

Jim Bolton, 42, general manager of Mr. Music, an Ontario chain of 11 piano and music stores with 100 employees, uses handwriting analysis to assess his potential salespeople. Bolton also relies on personal opinion, references and credit and work records—but he finds graphoanalysis a useful additional tool. "We haven't found psychological testing satisfactory," he says. "Many people know the tests and a lot can depend on the applicant's mood. Handwriting seems to remain stable."



Handwriting of professional photographer Jim Allen: creative ability in square-topped capitals, elongated t-bars show enthusiasm

Analysts rarely meet the people they assess. In fact, they prefer to evaluate solely on the basis of what's on the page. They do like to know the sex of the subject and whether the left or right hand was used. "Handwriting is brainwriting," says Girouard. "You can beat a psychological test but you can't beat your writing. It comes directly from your subconscious mind."

Fear traits, for example, show up in D and T strokes. Big top loops indicate sensitivity to criticism. "Feathered endings," on the other hand, which trail off into nothing, suggest a lack of decisiveness. "It costs between $10,000 and $18,000 to hire and train a single salesperson," says Girouard. "There's a lot of pressure on us to be right." And also there's the craft's reputation, related in many people's mind to matters occult, which still lingers on. Bell Canada's employment manager in Ontario Robert Shaver, for example, feels that more needs to be known about graphoanalysis before it can be validated. "Unless they can prove correlation between the writing and the subject's personality, we'll stick with the proven psychological tests of the past."

Not all clients are established businesses. Recently, Jean Caron, 27, a night school student in business at Ryerson Polytechnical Institute, asked for an assessment of her sales potential. She sent Anderson and Girouard two pages copied from the *Guinness Book of World Records* plus $25. When her analysis came back, she was amazed. "They suggested I go into print sales, the exact area I was thinking about. It was uncanny." Anderson and Girouard prefer to say "scientific." **Constance Brissenden**



RICHARD PIERRE

Girouard (left), Anderson in Toronto office, cashing in on the acceptance of a 'science'



Ceramic Tiles

A decorators dream of imported Italian ceramic tiles
Colors, ideas, textures and patterns to set your imagination wild
Visit our showroom at: Peeler Road, — Jane & Hwy 7, Concord, Ontario, Tel. 669-2346

SILTON CERAMIC TILE

COURVOISIER

COURVOISIER

VSOP
Fine Champagne

NAPOLEON
COGNAC

COURVOISIER
The Brandy of Napoleon
COGNAC
COURVOISIER
16200 JARNAC-FRANCE

Courvoisier The Brandy of Napoleon



McDermott (left), Chavez (with placard) in Toronto grape protest: onward and upward

Labor

Year of the power play

By Warren Gerard

Canadian labor has arrived at the precipice. 1979 will be a turbulent year of partisan politics, strikes and confrontations. It's the year that labor has the chance to become a potent political force in the nation. But to do so it must produce more than angry words in the coming federal election. And it will take more than face-saving at the bargaining table to impress its own members. Labor has to be a winner in 1979. The alternative is to roll over and play paper tiger, as it always has in Canada, and that could lead to a U.S.-style demise—a house of labor divided.

In fact, it was only a short time ago that Canada's trade union movement resembled little more than a nursery room full of squabbling brats. The unions were noisy in their dealings with each other and with Big Business. They did not present a united front. No one would have called them *Big Labor*. That was a term reserved for the fat cats with the cigars, limousines and brickbats working the street south of the border.

But with no fanfare and little notice, a dramatic change has taken place. South of the border the trade union movement has been given the pink slip. Membership has fallen to 20.1 per cent of the work force, the lowest level since World War II. In fact, U.S. unions have lost more than half a million members since 1974, while in the same period, six million jobs have been added to the economy.

To some observers it's simply a reflection of the Americans' ingrained distrust of all institutions, but for labor, the signs have been on the outhouse door for a decade or more. The unions lost sight of the fact that social and economic health are the same thing. They were little more than Uncle Toms in the civil rights movement, they supported the Establishment war in Vietnam—a support best demonstrated in New York City when construction workers in hard hats, resembling a horde of humorless Archie Bunkers, beat up kids and war protesters. In California, it wasn't George Meany walking arm in arm with César Chavez along the historic byways of the grape boycott. It was Ethel Kennedy. When it came to supporting the women's movement on such kitchen issues as equal pay for equal work, the unions lost much of their appetite. The past decade saw union leaders murder each other and go to jail for defrauding their members. The leadership remained stale and Geritol-fed—best typified by Meany, the 84-year-old patriarch of American labor. Worse still, in 1979, few appear capable of taking his place.

But in Canada it's different. The leadership is young, cocky, ambitious, and best typified by Dennis McDermott, the flashy 56-year-old president of the 2.3-million-member Canadian Labor Congress (CLC), who, by the way, did walk arm in arm with Chavez in the grape boycott. There has been a shortage of burning social issues for Canadian labor to rally around, although the unions, especially in the public sector, have shown more appetite for the women's movement than their American brothers. The real threat in the past three years—a threat that has put iron into the movement's blood—has been wage and price controls. Unions were

limited in what they could offer their workers and an increasing number of layoffs slightly reduced the number of people in unionized industries. Yet during this time, when unions had much of their clout taken away, membership actually increased at a rate of 2.6 per cent a year, mostly in the white-collar sector, and in 1978, unions, including another one million workers not affiliated with the CLC, represent 40 per cent of Canada's industrial and public-service



CLC's McDermott, putting a lot on the line

workers, compared with 33 per cent a decade ago when the CLC had 1.6 million members and 500,000 other unionists were not affiliated with the CLC.

Yet the events of the past three years—including labor's one day of glory on Oct. 14, 1976, when a million workers walked off their jobs to protest controls—have done much to unify the movement, albeit in Band-Aid style. There have been serious, almost fatal regressions, such as the sight and sound of McDermott's mouth fully unzippered as he accused Jean-Claude Parrot, the slight, morose president of the Canadian Union of Postal Workers (CUPW), of taking "ego trips" and indulging in "infantile revolutionary claptrap" after he led the 23,000 ill-fated posties into ambush and an illegal strike.

The two have an important ideological difference—so important, in fact, that it could lead to a serious split in the labor movement. Parrot—and a growing number of public-service union leaders are sympathetic to his methods—will take his willing membership (Parrot listens carefully to his membership) into illegal confrontation with government if necessary. It's becoming the alternative for civil servants without the right to strike and for that increasing number of workers who are being designated essential-service employees. But McDermott and most labor leaders, especially in the industrial sector, which has more bargaining rights than the public sector, believe that even an unjust law must be obeyed. Their answer is to change the government that made the law.

Thus McDermott has committed the CLC to supporting the New Democratic Party in the coming election. Labor in the past has done little more than make pronouncements urging workers to vote NDP; it cost the hall space. The outcome has been that only 20 per cent of trade unionists voted NDP, the other 80 per cent voted Liberal, Tory and whatever else was going. But this year the CLC is putting its money where its rhetoric has always been. It's sponsoring nationwide education seminars and organizing sessions for workers at an unspecified cost, although the federal grant of $2 million a year for five years for CLC educational purposes will no doubt be used for political organizing.

"The indications from all over the country," McDermott says, "are that workers are finally understanding what we have been preaching for years—that you can't separate bread and butter issues from social and economic issues." He's putting a lot on the line. There's little time to effectively organize middle-class-thinking workers into a cohesive socialist force. When it's all over, when the hay's in the barn, he has to show that the CLC has delivered a union

'Weekend Away' with us.

Newfoundland
Clarenville — Gander
Corner Brook — St. John's

New Brunswick
Saint John

Nova Scotia
Halifax — Sydney
–Centre
–Dartmouth

Quebec
Jonquiere (Opening 1979) — Quebec City –Downtown
Montreal — –Ste. Foy
–Chateaubriand — Sherbrooke
–Downtown
–Le Seville
–Longueuil
–Place Dupuis
–Pointe Claire
–Seigneurie

Ontario
Barrie — Oshawa
Brantford — Ottawa –Centre
Burlington — –Downtown
Cambridge — Owen Sound
Chatham — Peterborough
Collingwood — St. Catharines
Cornwall — Sarnia
Guelph (Opening 1979) — Sault Ste. Marie
Hamilton — Sudbury
Huntsville — Thunder Bay
Kenora — Toronto
Kingston — –Airport
Kitchener — –Don Valley
London — –Downtown
–City Centre — –East
–City Centre Tower — –West
–South — –Yorkdale
Oakville — Windsor
Orillia

Manitoba
Winnipeg — Fort Garry (Opening 1979)
–Downtown

Saskatchewan
Regina — Saskatoon –Downtown

Alberta
Calgary — Edmonton
–Downtown — Lethbridge
–McLeod Trail

British Columbia
Vancouver
–Broadway
–City Centre Harbour Side
–Downtown

For free, guaranteed Holidex® reservation service, call toll free. In B.C., Alta., and Sask., 1-(800)-268-8811; In Man., Ont., PQ., and Maritimes 1-(800)-268-8980, In Toronto, 486-6400, In Montreal, 878-4321.

Holiday Inn®

Holiday Inn announces:

Weekend away 25% off.



All Holiday Inn hotels across Canada are offering a special weekend price–now 25% off the regular room rate for a minimum stay of two nights.

Twenty-four hour advance reservation is required and the Weekend Special must be requested.

Luxury accommodation at a special low price. It's a winning combination for your weekend away.

Holiday Inn®
Number one in people pleasing

Weekend special available from Sept. 15/78–June 17/79, Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays. Excludes special events, groups and conventions–and ski properties from Dec. 15/78–Apr. 1/79

vote—certainly more than 20 per cent—to the NDP. Some observers say the party must gain 10 or 12 more seats to convince anyone that labor had something to do with it. But labor's message is clear: the Liberals must go, and if the Tories replace them, then Labor wants a minority government, with the NDP holding the balance of power.

Ed Finn, resident guru of the labor movement and spokesman for the Cana-



CUPW's Perrot, confrontation tactics that could spoil labor's longtime unity goal

dian Brotherhood of Railway, Transport and General Workers, believes McDermott is taking a gamble, but sees no alternative if labor is ever to become Big Labor. He thinks that many of McDermott's political adventures will be dependent on how the unions do in this year of tough bargaining.

"We're going to see a fairly significant rise in the incidence of strikes and lost production," Finn predicts. "Last year it looked like we hit seven or eight million man-days lost, which is almost three times the previous level, but this year we could hit 10 or 12 million man-days lost. It's quite conceivable. The public sector is perhaps where the main clashes will come."

"It's a very big year on the bargaining calendar," says Bill Kelly, the bulbous-nosed federal assistant deputy labor minister, a former union man with a big reputation as a Mr. Fixit strike mediator. "We're coming out of this control period and it's unknown what will happen. Some unions will want to catch up. Others had wage increases rolled back by the AIB and some of them look on that as an IOU."

Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau has already indicated his concern after a peep at the writing on the wall. He has warned business about excessive profits, probably to impress labor, and he has even hinted at a return to wage and price controls—not before an election, mind you—if wage increases climb into double-digit numbers. Yet, with workers thinking about catch-up and calling in their IOUs, it will be an almost impossible trend to stop. Bell Canada has given nonunionized workers a 12-per-cent raise, CP Air pilots received up to 16 per cent the first year and 10 per cent in the second of a two-year contract. Engineers on the Great Lakes received 27 per cent over three years. Uranium miners in Ontario have rejected a 41.9-per-cent wage increase over three years. In fact, this year at the bargaining table is an election-year nightmare. About 1.25 million workers are up for contract renewal, including heavies such as the grain handlers, West Coast longshoremen, St. Lawrence seaway workers, railway workers, blue-collar public-service workers, steelworkers, now on strike, and the United Auto Workers. It will be a miracle if they settle for less than 10 per cent—Trudeau's magic double digit—especially after wage settlements over the past three years have been lower than the rise in the cost of living.

The public-service sector, at the municipal, provincial and federal levels, will be where the most viable strikes and confrontations occur. Grace Hartman, president of the 251,000-member Canadian Union of Public Employees (Canada's biggest union, growing at a rate of 1,000 members a month) predicts confrontations for 1979. The reasons are three-fold: the federal and provincial governments seem to have an agreement to keep wage increases at between five and seven per cent, a catch-up trend in bargaining is inevitable, and governments

Maany axamplifying a Garitol-fed imaga



are whittling away at the right to strike.

In British Columbia, for example, the provincial government has imposed a five-per-cent pay freeze on municipal and school board employees, and has broadened its Essential Services Disputes Act, thus giving fewer workers the right to strike. Civil servants in Ontario have no right to strike. Nurses in Ontario, who also don't have the right to strike, received a wage settlement of four per cent last year. "But I don't think they'll stand for that kind of settlement this year," Hartman predicts.

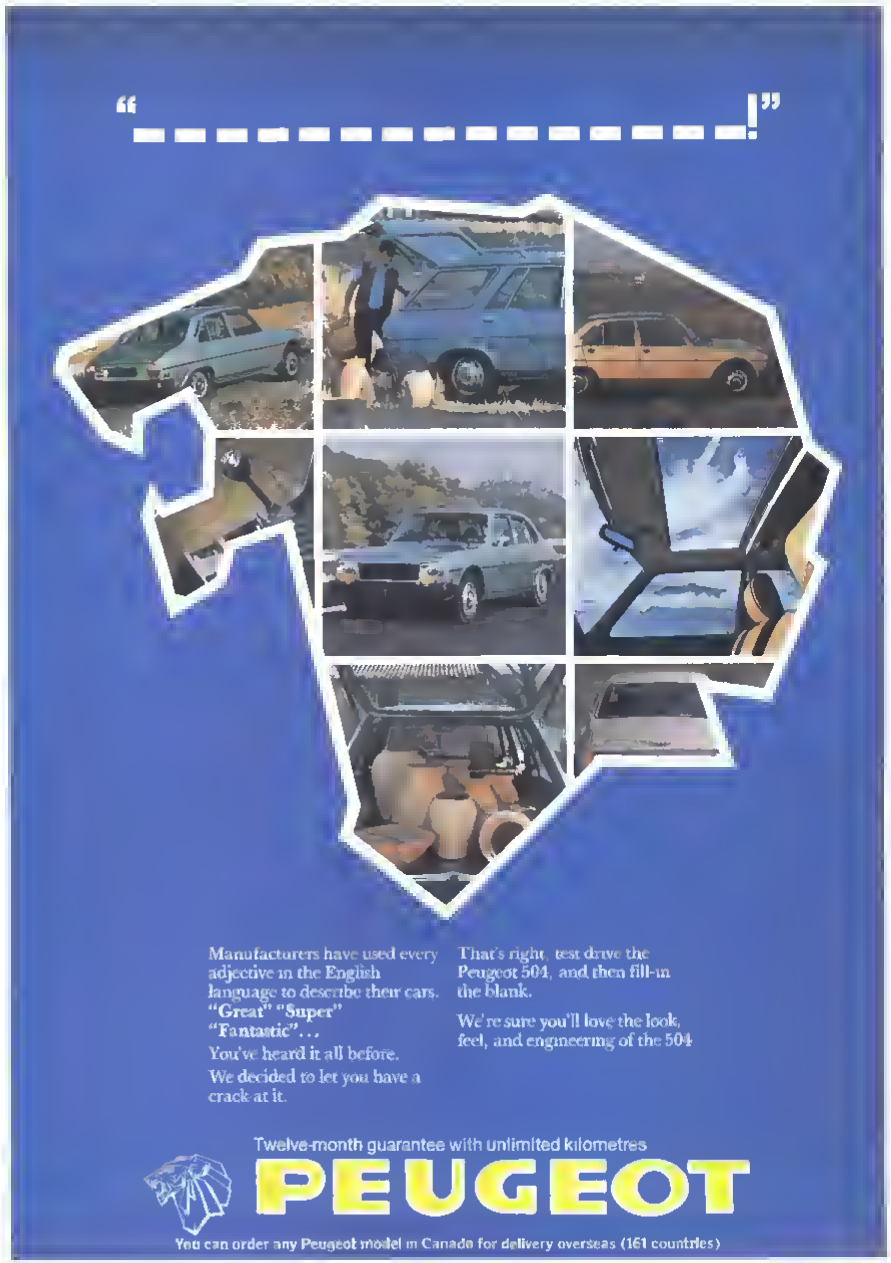
The message is clear: municipal, provincial and federal governments, including Quebec, will be tough in bargaining, and if such issues as national unity (or separation) and leadership don't inspire the electorate, the politicians can reach into their bag of tricks and come up with the old standby of pay increases for public servants. It may become an issue.

But there's another issue facing labor this year. It could be the sleeper, an issue that could mobilize labor like no other, including wars on the hustings and battles at the bargaining table. It is Bill C-22, which if passed by Parliament, would virtually eliminate collective bargaining as it is now known. Bill C-22—unionists are calling it Catch-22—proposes a system of comparing private- and public-sector wages. It would bind conciliators and arbitrators to use a computer comparison system, imposing similar contract terms on workers doing similar jobs in the public and private sectors. Bill C-22 has the taste of 1984 about it. Negotiators could sit across a table from each other and submit their proposals to the computer, which in no time at all would disgorge a binding settlement.

The bill is designed to keep public-sector wage increases down, but the real Catch-22 comes from private-sector unions. Finn calmly talks about it as a conspiracy. "This gives governments at all levels a vested interest in keeping the private-sector wage levels down and there are a number of ways they can do that, not only by exhorting private-sector employers to follow suit, but by openly or pervertedly withholding certain government benefits, government subsidies and so on to private-sector employers."

McDermott has sounded labor's warning on Bill C-22. "We're doing our best to persuade the government that Bill C-22 should be sidelined, but if it isn't, we'll be mobilizing the public sector for concerted action. The government might find itself facing a common front of public employees, backed by the private-service unions in terms of material support."

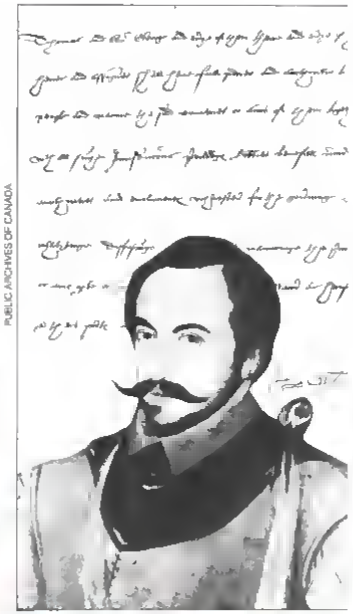
This could be, at last, labor's year.



A centuries-old dream sees the light of day

Last June, in a small Manhattan rare-book shop, Canadian archivist Gordon Dodds was barely able to contain his excitement as two 16th-century manuscripts—considered cornerstone documents in early Canadian history—were drawn from their case. The thin, handmade paper should have crumbled to dust centuries ago. Instead, the 27 pages lay almost perfectly preserved. "They were in such good condition," Dodds recalls, "I almost had a heart attack."

Two months later, following exhaustive tests authenticating the manuscripts, the Public Archives of Canada in Ottawa purchased the documents for $50,000. It was thought to be a bargain. Says archivist Bruce Wilson, who handled the negotiations: "They are the most significant documents in this early English period that we have." The documents, dated in 1582, concern the last voyage of British explorer Sir Humphrey Gilbert to Newfoundland. They provide fresh insight into his daring efforts to set up the first permanent English settlement in North America. Until a decade ago, the manuscripts were locked away in the private vault of the Brudenell family, landowners in Northamptonshire, England. Then they were sold to and stored by a New York manuscript dealer, Hans Kraus. This April, the manuscripts will be on display as the centrepiece of a six-week-long exhibit in Ottawa. Afterward it's planned that the documents will be put on show in Newfoundland. It's also intended to distribute duplicates to Canadian classrooms. Says archivist Wilfred Smith: "Probably the single most important event on this whole continent is that it was populated—we're all immigrants in a sense. This represents the first detailed colonization scheme in North America." Another archivist compares the acquisition with someday possessing the first space-age settlement plan to inhabit other planets.



PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF CANADA

Explorer Gilbert, page of 16th-century manuscript out of a family vault comes a brave new chapter in Canadian history

The documents show a distinct shift in British attitude from exploiting the New World for natural resources such as whale oil and fish to actually settling the land. They first entered the custody of the Brudenells in the late 1500s when a family ancestor, Sir George Brudenell, became a financial backer of Gilbert's adventurous scheme to plant a colony on the eastern shores of this continent. Thanks to a dark, dry family vault and the paper's low acid content, the documents survived. During the last eight months, Canadian archivists have discerned 38 distinct provisions in the documents describing Gilbert's intended settlement, including plans for establishing a colonial government, the necessity of encouraging women to make the voyage, an ownership plan for mineral rights divided between the Crown and financiers, and one for those lands intended for war veterans. "They represent a changing perception of the New World," says archivist Peter Bower, "from its mysteries and mythology to coming to grips with reality."

Gilbert's own great dreams of colonization failed. In 1583 he braved the Atlantic in an eight-ton ship called Squirrel, guided only by a sketchy map drawn by a Portuguese navigator. When he finally reached the harbor of what is now St. John's, Newfoundland, he astonished fishing crews from Portugal, France, England and Spain, who made the trek each year, by flourishing his royal patent and claiming the harbor and 600 nautical miles each way for Queen Elizabeth. But winter was approaching and supplies were dwindling, and Gilbert was forced to set sail for home again with hopes of returning in the spring. Unfortunately, his ship sank in a storm and he and his crew perished. Between 1885 and 1887, his stepbrother Sir Walter Raleigh and his younger brother Adrian Gilbert had better success at establishing the first English colony in the New World—on Roanoke Island, North Carolina, a community which later mysteriously vanished, probably wiped out by Indians.

The Brudenells put up the 400-year-old documents for auction in 1964 at Sotheby's in London. Dealer Kraus snapped them up for $10,000 and kept them for 14 years while their value appreciated. After the public showings of the documents this spring, they will be returned to their final resting place in the Archives' own vaults, where they are expected to survive the ravages of time for at least another four centuries.

Julianne Labreche





The lustrous red cherries of Dalmatia.
They're the only ones in the world good enough for Bols Cherry Brandy.

On the Dalmatian coast of Yugoslavia you'll find a place where sea and mountains meet, and the sunshine is trapped for long hours each day. That's where Maraska cherries grow—the only cherries good enough for Bols Cherry Brandy.

Bols Liqueurs have been pleasing the world since 1575. And Bols makes liqueurs today the way Bols did then—with excellent ingredients and incredible care.

Try Bols Cherry Brandy by itself, mixed in tall drinks, over ice cream, with fruit, or any way your imagination suggests. It is delicious.

BOLS IMPORTED LIQUEURS
It's not surprising they cost a little more.

Introducing Four Unique Products From The Shopper's Gallery

Irish Hot

The IRISH TWEED HAT is a timeless classic. What other hat can you fold up and carry in your pocket or wear in the rain? It's made of imported 80% wool, 15% viscose and 5% nylon plaid fabric from Great Britain



You can wrinkle it, crush it, pack it without worry because it will always retain its shape Comes in a distinctive, tasteful black-grey tweed that goes with anything Has a stitched brim, matching band, jaunty feather trim and a full silky lining

Wear it for both business and pleasure 100% satisfaction guaranteed In a choice of sizes 6⅞ to 7⅝. Only $19.95 plus shipping and handling

Dimplex

Introducing the DIMPLEX RADIATOR consistent heat, hour after hour, day after day, year after year, and always at a temperature you can control. You won't waste money on heating bills either, because DIMPLEX is filled with a specially blended mineral oil that is



hermetically sealed in and never needs changing

Because the oil transfers the heat from the element evenly over the whole surface of the radiator, and because oil retains warmth longer, you'll save energy and enjoy a balance of radiant and convected heat

DIMPLEX has a thermostat that automatically responds to the temperature of the room, not to the radiator itself It also incorporates a safety cut-out it cannot overheat Safe around children and invalids



Four caster wheels with undercarriage make your DIMPLEX a handy go-anywhere radiator Comes with a generous six-foot cord, a one-year guarantee and is CSA approved Great for homes, apartments, farms, cottages, offices – especially that cold bathroom, basement, playroom or workroom Won't cause dust or dirt to circulate in the air In attractive gold finish. 36 x 29 high (750 wis) Only $149.95 plus shipping and handling



Port-A-Vault

PORT-A-VAULT, the ultimate low cost, high security protection for things you can't afford to lose!



Now, PORT-A-VAULT offers a unique solution to the problem of security It protects your valuables at home, at the office or when you travel, and it gives you the convenience of easy access to your valuables at all times PORT-A-VAULT's patented spring-loaded double lid actually locks PORT-A-VAULT into the top drawer of just about any dresser or desk. Only you know the combination that releases the locking mechanism Only you can remove PORT-A-VAULT from a drawer PORT-A-VAULT is rugged, lightweight, fully portable and requires no installation

Be sure your precious possessions, cash and credit cards are safe Only $49.95 plus shipping and handling

Invest

INVEST – for men and women who want warmth plus freedom of movement! INVEST is a wise investment because it's the action vest for all seasons You'll be at home with INVEST whether you're on the ski slopes in the winter or at the shopping centre in the autumn And it's perfect for those chilly summer nights INVEST is so adaptable it can even be worn under outer layers of clothing for extra warmth Best yet, the garment has an extra long "kidney flap" back for additional protection So lightweight and comfortable, yet so super warm because it's filled with BONDEL, 100% bonded polyester fibrefill, to keep body heat in, cold out

Save energy wear it indoors With INVEST you'll feel perfectly warm even with the thermostat turned down low, but you won't feel



"bundled up" All in choice of Light Blue, Navy or Red colors In Men's sizes S, M, L, XL, Women's sizes S, M, L, XL Only $19.95 plus shipping and handling

15 DAYS FREE EXAMINATION-WITH ABSOLUTELY NO OBLIGATION

The Shopper's Gallery
210 Dundas Street W
Toronto Ontario
M5W 1A7

Yes I would like to take advantage of your 15-day free examination Please send me the item(s) indicated below at the price(s) shown plus shipping and handling If I am not completely satisfied I may return it within 15 days for a full refund

☐ IRISH TWEED HAT @ $19.95 plus $1.50 shipping & handling
☐ 6⅞(61⅝") ☐ 7(22 ½) ☐ 7⅛(22½) ☐ 7 ¼(23) ☐ 7⅜(23⅜) ☐ 7½(23¾") ☐ 7⅝(24")
Note: Figures shown after sizes are head measurements

☐ INVEST @ $19.95 plus $1.00 shipping & handling

MEN'S	☐ S	☐ M	☐ L	☐ XL	☐ Navy	☐ Red	☐ Light Blue	
WOMEN'S	☐ S	☐ M	☐ L	☐ XL	☐ Navy	☐ Red	☐ Light Blue	

☐ DIMPLEX @ $149.95 plus $5.00 shipping & handling
☐ PORT-A-VAULT @ $49.95 plus $2.00 shipping & handling

Check method of payment preferred ☐ Cheque or Money Order Enclosed payable to Shopper's Gallery ☐ Charge my Credit Card ☐ Master Charge ☐ Visa/Chargex

Account Number ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐ Credit Card Expiry Date _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ APT _____

CITY/TOWN _____ PROV _____ CODE _____

TEL NO _____ SIGNATURE _____

Ontario residents add 7% Prov. Sales Tax New Brunswick residents add 8% Prov. Sales Tax on non-clothing items Please allow 3 weeks for delivery

M10-79

Lending an ear to Calgary's finest

Take a typical three-year veteran of the Calgary police force, aged 25. Statistics the force keeps on its recruits indicate he has an above-average intelligence, which presumably counts for most Canadian police recruits He is also in better physical shape than most and his emotional stability has been found satisfactory Still, the officer may have a problem he doesn't recognize.

First, there's the stress every cop faces he's doing his job in the full glare of a public eye that is generally critical To compensate, he has developed a we're-all-in-this-together camaraderie, and spends most of his off-hours with his buddies Not that the young officer has that much free time. He's ambitious and he may have just bought a house, so he works a good deal of overtime. With all this, his wife is understandably getting a little fed up. Her husband has become the invisible man around the house He feels guilty, but he can't seem to get off the merry-go-round.

Then, suddenly, the problem is solved. He was walking by an east Calgary hotel one night when a greasy-haired kid lounging in the door muttered, "Oink, oink." The policeman turned and decked him The kid took his broken nose off to a hospital, his grievance to a lawyer. After an internal investigation, it was suggested to the young officer that he might be happier in some other line of work

Clinical psychologist Bill Barker met him for the first time during the assault investigation but, by then, it was too late—cops usually don't get the chance to err twice Maybe this particular man wasn't cut out for the stresses of police work, Dr. Barker admits But maybe, too, he merely needed a little help.

Last August, the 950-member Calgary force was the first in Canada to hire a full-time psychologist—Bill Barker, 30, a former psychology director at Edmonton's University Hospital. It's a move now being studied by other forces, including those of Vancouver and Toronto Says Calgary Police Chief Brian Sawyer "Dr Barker is the best investment we ever made in terms of staff development I'm beginning to wonder how we ever got along without him."

Barker admits he knew little about police work when he started But since then, he says, he has come to hold policemen in near awe for the difficult job they do under demanding circumstances. "Because of their visibility and the public pressure on them, they can't be merely human They have to be superhuman," he says "Even off the job, Canadian police are expected to act in accordance with the highest standards and principles They're expected to become involved in community activities There is pressure on them to remain, 24 hours a day, the helper and good citizen They can't ever turn it off."

Barker's respect is gradually and grudgingly being returned by the Calgary police, though many are still wary and angry about having a "shrink" foisted on them Barker is making a point of meeting them all He's a regular ride-along on patrols, attends zone meetings, organizes stress seminars and spouse orientation courses and he will be advising the people setting up recruit training

So far, only three dozen cops have come to him for consultations. "It's going to take some time before they feel comfortable with me, before they recognize I'm not a spy for the administration and a visit to me isn't going on their record," says Barker But he feels there is a definite need for his ministrations, despite an absence of Canadian statistics on police alcoholism, marriage breakdown, and stress-related diseases such as ulcers, hypertension and insomnia A 1963 U S study found that law enforcement was the only occupation that had a higher than average death rate by coronary heart disease, suicide and late-onset diabetes The study was duplicated in 1975 and showed that police had the third highest suicide rate, an excessive number of premature deaths in the 18 to 64 age group, and significant rates of admission to hospitals for circulatory and digestive problems

Barker says the role of Canada's 65,000 police is changing "They're into community crime prevention programs, victim counselling, the whole 'We're here to help you' approach A lot of police don't buy that but there is a new philosophy developing." Barker, in fact, predicts that in addition to police academies, policemen will also be recruited from among university-degree professionals who would take a short course in firearm handling and other practical necessities That, presumably, will make the policeman more of a problem solver, more appreciated, and lessen the on-the-job stresses that are now giving Canada's cops ulcers and chest pains

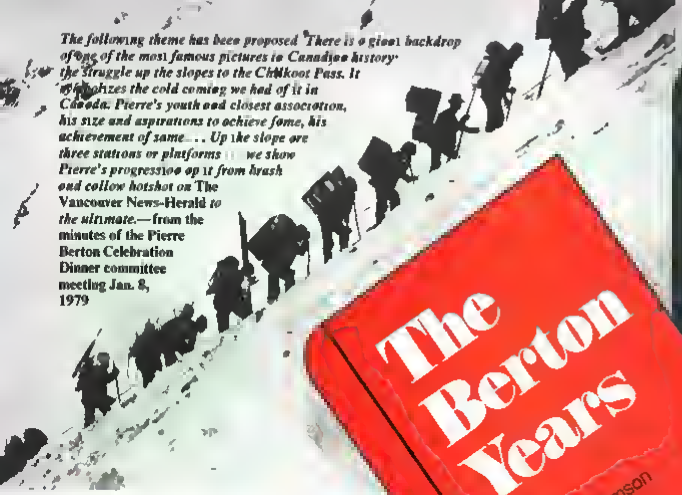
Suzanne Zwarun



RICHARD PITMAN, CALGARY HERALD

Barker (right) 'They have to be superhuman'

The following theme has been proposed "There is a great backdrop of one of the most famous pictures in Canadian history the struggle up the slopes to the Chilkoot Pass. It symbolizes the cold coming we had of it in Canada. Pierre's youth and closest association, his size and aspirations to achieve fame, his achievement of same. . . Up the slope are three stations or platforms . . . we show Pierre's progression up it from brash and callow hotshot on The Vancouver News-Herald *to the ultimate.*—from the minutes of the Pierre Berton Celebration Dinner committee meeting Jan. 8, 1979



The Berton Years

By Judith Timson







The Chilkoot climb, Berton (above) on assignment for 'Maclean's' in 1951 and (above right) on a pensive Northern trip: a colossus who did it faster, possibly better

KEN BELL

The media titans are having a party. It's called the Pierre Berton Celebration Dinner. They will all be there, names as familiar to Canadians as those of movie stars are to Americans, the only celebrities we have got. Bassett and McClelland. Honderich and Templeton. Mowatt and Frum. Of course the Canadian Room in Toronto's Royal York Hotel will be fleshed out with just plain folks as well—novelists, actors, executives, a politician or two—who have paid up to $50 a person to be part of it all. But it will be the titans themselves who will experience that delicious feeling of bonhomie when they rise on the evening of Feb. 28, glowing from the wine and the pleasure of each other's company, to drink a toast to the man who did it undeniably bigger, possibly better and *certainly* faster than they.

He has been called a tall tree. A force of nature. A colossus striding across the country. A huge seppelin hovering over the landscape. Who else (besides the other Pierre) can walk into any room in Canada and be recognized? A man who draws enormous infusions of strength and joy from his own celebrity, he has been known to swell visibly ("like a puff adder," says a family friend) in his public incarnation. "I hate promoting my own books," says his friend and colleague Charles Templeton, "but Pierre absolutely relishes it. It's a side of him I don't really understand." Pierre Berton is not a writer's writer, dwarfed in the flesh by the power of his own written word. He is a figure who has remained consistently larger than the sum total of his work, a canon that, over the past 25 years, encompasses 25 books, $10 million in sales, and enough words (2.5 million) to invite the question: is that writing or typing? He has been, with the help of the Canadian media eager to honize one of their own, an extremely visible man.

"The truth is," says Charles Templeton solemnly into the phone, "Pierre Berton is Mr. Canada."

Last year Mr. Canada published his 25th book, *The Wild Frontier*. But this year there may not be a Berton offering for the Christmas book sales. The contemplation of this causes a look of pain to cross the pleasantly dissolute features of his publisher Jack McClelland. "I'm experiencing that panic this year. God, I wish we could just get a compilation from him . . ."

What kind of literary giant could, after producing 25 books, engender that much consternation in his publishing house simply by laying off for a year? Certainly not, in the realm of reality, a man who polishes off innocuous short stories about the travails of our pioneers or in a slightly more ponderous form the history of our railroad. The truth, of course, is that Berton, undoubtedly the best popular historian in the country in the estimation of more than a few experts, has become, at the age of 58, something of a national institution. "What I find astonishing," says York University historian Jack Granatstein, "is the way the popular press has turned him into a cult figure."

Years from now some ambitious journalist will produce *The Berton Years*, a 1950s-60s-70s-and-counting melodrama in which it is chronicled how Pierre Berton came to be a pop cult phenomenon. How this brash, awkward son of the North (see *Klondike, I Married the Klondike, Drifting Home*) burst into the newspaper business, at 21 the youngest city editor (of *The Vancouver News-Herald*) in Canada, how he began a trajectory that took him through a magazine writing career, a stint as the best newspaper columnist of his time, two decades of television and a career of championing every civil liberties cause to come down the pike. How he was buttressed by two tough women, his relentlessly pleasant wife, Janet, who kept the home front together, helped raise eight (one adopted, one foster) children and joked about being allowed to change his typewriter ribbon; and his relentlessly ferocious television producer Elsa Franklin, who needed a vehicle and found one in Pierre, who taught him what to wear (sort of) and how much money to ask for (a lot).

Furthermore there will be revelations: the dialogue that never got reported on those endless Berton family trips with their endless numbers of children whose names all began with P: up and down various Canadian rivers in various conveyances, "Daddy, Daddy, I'm bored (hungry) (tired). Why do we have to keep doing this?" "Be quiet. We're saving the country." And just how many reporters did Pierre Berton invite over the years into his barbershop to watch him (as valuable detail for their feature stories) getting another haircut? Jimmy the stylist has stopped counting, and for anyone who's interested, Berton's rapidly diminishing silver hair is grown long on one side, folded carefully over the scalp and then lifted a fraction of an inch off the surface. They should make an omelette that carefully.

Sitting in his chair, watching intently as the new non-flaking, firm-holding, dry mist hair spray settles on his stylist's silver artwork, Berton deadpans. "I always ask people to meet me here because it's convenient. And they always end up writing about it." He flips absently through a *Playboy* magazine. He is, after all, despite the fact that he once asked to be paid for some work he did with a case of Château Lafite-Rothschild (average price: $35 a bottle), a man of self-confessed plebian tastes, which include watching *Battlestar Galactica* with his kids and *Hawaii Five-O* for his own pleasure.

When asked to situate himself in Canadian letters (A "being those with the heavy artillery, *The Canadian Forum* boys"), he smiles disarmingly. "I'm a B writing for other Bs."

Ignore the complex theories and it is easy to see him as the product of a blissfully happy and romantic Yukon childhood who has sought to recreate it both in his personal life, in the bosom of a large and improbably close (for 1979) family, and in his writing wherein he has tried to romanticize the Canadian past. "I wouldn't be writing this stuff if there weren't the market for it," he says, as if to disabuse one of the notions there is something romantic about it all. He is not an introspective sort. "I'll leave that to my daughter Patsy's [age 26] generation." But he has rich and warm memories of his childhood that come to him often. Some of the most poignant writing he has done concerned, in *Drifting Home*, the death of his father. "Morley Callaghan read it and said he wished I'd put more about my feelings toward my parents in there. I wish I had too."

He loves to talk about his writing. How he has built up this complex system of amassing research (collected diligently by his permanent researcher Barbara Sears who picks up a third of his royalties) and indexing it in large black binders. The system—almost a write-by-number affair—"works every

Berton, the great debater, and at 6 with mother Laura and sister Lucy: our very own Mr. Canada

time—at least it works for me." How he likes to clear his head before he starts by reading a bit of Dickens or Twain. "Sure it makes me despair when I read great writing like that—but I don't think people should aspire to be what they can't be." Usually he does the actual writing of his books in a sunny clime, Jamaica or Mexico, lugging his Smith-Corona electric with him.

Several years ago, Charles Templeton started editing his manuscripts after Berton complained he couldn't find an editor who would be really tough on him. Perhaps that had something to do with his formidable presence within McClelland and Stewart. He and the publisher have worked together, caroused together and accorded each other the status of confidant and adviser for many years. There is a provision in McClelland's will that after his death Berton be consulted on the future of the company.

Indeed, he already owns 2½ per cent of the company ("a bloody good idea for authors to be involved like that") It is safe to say that Berton usually gets what he wants at McClelland and Stewart even if it means relieving a staff member of a job. One publicity woman was fired, recalls McClelland, "because she failed to realize that Pierre was more important than she was in the company. No one could survive around here with an attitude like that." McClelland maintains that Berton has never published a bad book. Which isn't to say one hasn't been written, buried somewhere in a dusty filing box out at Berton's rambling Kleinburg, Ontario, home is the manuscript for a novel that his publisher dissuaded him from publishing. Set in "a whorehouse in Rosedale" it is a story about legalized prostitution and simply "isn't very good", says McClelland.

Journalists and academics agree his three best books were *Klondike*, *The National Dream* and *The Last Spike*. In the latter two, he strung together an exhaustive history of the railroad and a social history of the country, introducing new material (mostly on the surveying of the railroad) that delighted historians. "They are clearly the best books written on the subject," says University of Toronto historian Michael Bliss, who acted as Berton's academic consultant on them. "But we have no way of knowing whether they are actually read or whether they're bought as Christmas presents to sit on shelves. I suspect a lot of people have not read these books." Moreover Bliss, who makes it clear that he has unlimited respect for Berton both as a historian and a writer, offers up a tough assessment of his entire output. "In a way it's hilarious to celebrate his 25th book—only five of them have been any good."

Pierre Berton himself says a man is "only interesting when you discover his flaws." But there are certain virtues to the man that reflect a kind of moral and ethical energy at a premium in 1979. His loyalty: at the Berton's famous annual pool party one encounters not necessarily the movers and shakers but old friends who once were prominent but who have fallen on hard times or into obscurity. They do not get dropped. The Bertons' generosity and concern for anyone they know who is in trouble is legendary. "The first call you get is from Pierre," says June Callwood a longtime friend and fellow writer who believes that Berton's chief importance lies in his ability "to sort out things around an ethic the way most people can't."

Berton, at work now on an opus of the War of 1812, enjoys immersing himself in reams of detail, and piecing together a story that has a beginning and an end. "Do you know the most insulting question I was ever asked?" he says. "Some television reporter in Lindsay wanted to know if I wrote my own books!" He doesn't quite see how it could happen.

Go on. Be choosy.

Naturally, you choose Captain Morgan for taste and quality. But Captain Morgan also gives you a choice for different occasions.

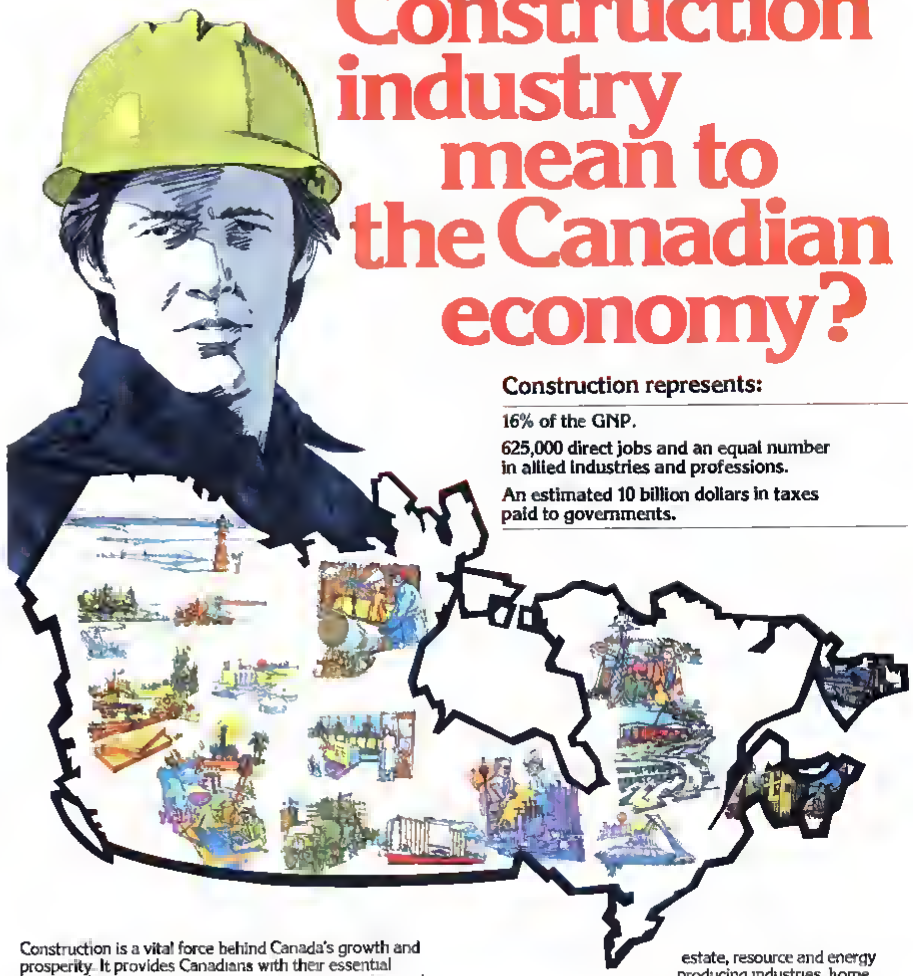
Captain Morgan De Luxe, a rum of connoisseurs, is a rich blend of the world's finest rums aged at least 6 years to smooth, mellow perfection.

Or choose Captain Morgan Black Label, a robust, full-bodied rum that mixes well with just about anything.



Distributed

What does the Construction industry mean to the Canadian economy?



Construction represents:

16% of the GNP.

625,000 direct jobs and an equal number in allied industries and professions.

An estimated 10 billion dollars in taxes paid to governments.

Construction is a vital force behind Canada's growth and prosperity. It provides Canadians with their essential needs—shelter, energy, transportation, conservation and sanitation.

The Canadian construction worker has the skills to provide the structures and facilities required, while putting our manpower to work and using Canadian made material.

Construction stimulates growth and prosperity in many areas of the Canadian economy—lending institutions, real estate, resource and energy producing industries, home furnishings, office equipment and transportation. In periods of economic stagnation and high unemployment, construction acts as a catalyst since it creates employment, while generating revenues for governments and for reinvestments by the private sector. This in turn assures a climate of confidence which is so vital for a healthy economy.

We are proud to be a founding member of the Canadian Construction Association since 1918.

CAPACITY SKILL INTEGRITY

Canada Cement Lafarge Ltd.

Corporate Office: 606 Cathcart, Montreal, Que. H3B 1L7

REGIONAL OFFICES: VANCOUVER • CALGARY • TORONTO • MONTREAL • HALIFAX

SALES OFFICES IN ALL MAJOR CANADIAN CITIES

HELPING BUILD CANADA OVER 75 YEARS



Covering the Korean War and (below) birth of the bow tie—a touch of melodrama



As a 'Maclean's' writer and (below) with wife Janet, not the introspective type



With Gordon Sinclair and Toby Robins in '61 and (below) in 'The National Dream'







How Berton the writer (and a serious consideration of him) could be eclipsed by the man in the Mr. Canada suit. But *that's* the man, who for a modest $3,500 to $4,000 will make a speech to your club or association. That's the man who can only be described as *promiscuous* with his opinions, being heard twice a day engaging in mock debate with his colleague Charles Templeton on a Toronto radio station. "I have an opinion because I'm bloody well paid to." The man who is the ubiquitous television host. Or the man who, since 1957, has been a panelist on *Front Page Challenge*, a palpably tired show, the success of which (it is the third most watched show in the country) could lead one to dismally conclude that Canadian society has all the intellectual rigor of a Saturday night euchre game were it not for the revelation that a great chunk of its viewing audience is over 50. On the show, Berton plays out a lacklustre role that is no longer tough guy, more paper tiger. He does not look as though he's having any fun. Hours after it's over, he cannot remember who the mystery guests were. But he does it, he says, "because it's a very large sum of money for very little work." And also (with a straight face) "for exposure ... I believe you're easily forgotten."

While Berton struggles on all fronts to remind people of his presence, there are those who wish he would pull back a bit, and use the full force of his voice in a way that does not dilute its impact. "There is real value in the man, but it is underestimated," says novelist Timothy Findley, who has fought political battles alongside Berton in the Writers' Union.

When Findley, author of the novel *The Wars* and recipient of the Governor-General's award for fiction last year, realized that acclaim, if not fame, was closing in on him, he went to Berton to find out what it was like. How does one act? What is important? He came away with a sense that a good writer must have a very hard centre "and he must be obedient to that centre." There is affection, sadness and concern in Findley's voice as he describes the times he has looked across the room at Berton and seen that centre go soft. "I've seen him sag. And it's then I want to say to him 'go home'."

DRAWING BY ROY PETERSON FROM THE DAY OF THE GLORIOUS REVOLUTION / JAMES LORIMER & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS

Films

A working-class woman is something to see

NORMA RAE
Directed by Martin Ritt

After watching Sally Field's performance as Norma Rae it would be perfect to have an Oscar or something stashed in your pocket to give to her. Performances like this come around as often as eclipses. When she did the made-for-TV *Sybil*, playing a girl with a multiple personality, she submerged herself into the part instead of pandering to it. Sybil's double lives began to seem normal and natural, and that became the true terror the girl was trapped in. It was astonishing to see the range of the former *Flying Nun* erupt like that. No other American actress—not even Fonda—can touch her now, no other can crawl under the skin of a character and make you forget it is a character. In *Norma Rae* Sally Field creates an authentic modern heroine, perhaps the only one possible—a working-class woman.

Norma Rae's a classic case: oppressed by her bosses at the textile mill where she works and where the battery of sound is turning her mother (Barbara Baxley) deaf and driving her father (Pat Hingle) to an early grave, and oppressed by men, left with an illegitimate child and a reputation for sleeping around. In the South that means "white trash" and Norma Rae, in her tank tops and tight jeans doesn't do much to ease the stereotype people have of her. But she's sharp and resilient, with a swift retort for everything when someone asks her how she is, she promptly defines herself—"Ahm fine. Ahm always fine. Ahm a *horse*!" (When she got caught stealing lipstick from a five-and-dime, she went back the next week for curlers.) What Norma Rae does have is a sure understanding of what is real and important in her life. When a labor organizer, Reuben (Ron Leibman), canvasses the textile workers she discovers, in *Pygmalion* fashion, that she's too smart for what's happening to her.

Norma Rae is a warm, generous movie, fired from within by the comic relationship between a Southern woman and a New York male Jew. "Never met a Jew before," Norma Rae says to Reuben matter-of-factly. "I herd ya'all had horns." He teaches her to be a *mensch*, which is what she's teaching him to be—a real person. Martin Ritt, who directed, isn't much of a stylist, but his work is unobtrusive and brings out the best in actors (Paul Newman in *Hud*, Cicely Tyson in *Sounder*, Jon Voight in *Coming Home*). His downfall as a director is, ironically, that he cares about people too much.

Leibman, Field: no one can touch her



Norma Rae, though it makes *F.I.S.T.* look like a finger, arrives at a time when unions aren't so popular, and the movie's either loaded or simply has a point of view, depending on which side of the fence you're sitting. The script, by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank Jr. who have worked as a team with Ritt before, isn't myopic about unions in the least: the union bosses are ivory-towered and Reuben and Norma Rae are consumed by their zeal to the point of being martinets. But anyone who has grown up working-class can nod in recognition.

The movie gets right to the bone in discounting the overriding assumption about the working class that it accepts its lot without feeling humiliation *and* rage. In one of Norma Rae's eloquent scenes, she stands up in the textile shop holding a card that says "Union" and, as one by one the workers shut off their machines, she's trembling with fear and joy. Back from jail for her efforts, she returns home, rouses the children, sleepy-eyed, from bed, and taking some old snapshots out of a tin box, tells them about her past and that these are pictures of their *real* fathers, and that she and their new father (Beau Bridges) love them, and that though they will hear their mother being called names, they will still have her.

In that scene (who wouldn't have been proud to have been her child?), the "Union" scene, her speech about a dead husband after listening to a C&W song (*It's All Wrong But It's All Right*), and a ferociously funny housewife's revolt where she shoves an entire cabbage in a pot and the laundry in the kitchen sink, Field achieves miracles. *Norma Rae* is real people with real faces. Real things. You come out saying "I know that woman." And if you don't, you wish you did.

Lawrence O'Toole

It Happened One Fortnight

AGATHA
Directed by Michael Apted

Fox-trotting their way through a crowd of oldsters at a fashionable Yorkshire spa, they look like a couple out of the ballroom skits on *The Muppet Show*: he short and ferrety, she a stately, blue-eyed giraffe. They are not. They are Dustin Hoffman (five-feet five-inches) and Vanessa Redgrave (six-

NATURE CANADA



Your window on the wildlife world

A colourful, readable magazine that puts you in touch with the world around you

Become a member of the Canadian Nature Federation and receive our quarterly publication, *Nature Canada*

for free brochure write

Canadian Nature Federation
Suite 203, 75 Albert Street
Ottawa, Canada K1P 6G1



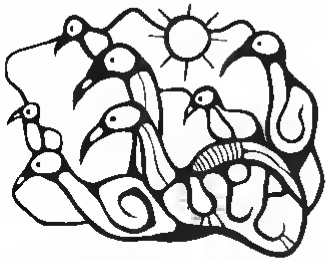
COMFORT . . . in a stacking chair

There are many kinds of stacking chairs. Here's one you can relax in. Built to take a lot of heavy handling. Built to stay good-looking. They're for your club, church or institution. Write for the catalogue.

STANDARD TUBE CANADA LIMITED
Woodstock, Ontario N4S 7Y6



The Future rests on your shoulders. Be a Big Brother.



ONE TIME OFFER

Invest in NATIVE ART and Save

Become a member of the Canadian Indian Art Club
This is a unique opportunity to collect beautiful signed limited edition prints by Norval Morrisseau at a saving of up to $50 per print. For a membership fee of only $25 you can select one print from four signed prints each month for one year.

Satisfaction guaranteed. If after 30 days you are not totally happy with your prints you can return them for a full refund. Your money is held in trust for 30 days.
For further information fill out the coupon below and mail to Canadian Indian Art Club.
LIMITED MEMBERSHIPS AVAILABLE

Yes, I would like more information on the Canadian Indian Art Club
Canadian Indian Art Club, 221 Church Street, Toronto, M5B 1Y7

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Prov _____ Postal Code _____

The tacky truth about terror

DAWN OF THE DEAD
by George A. Romero and Susanna Sparrow
(Macmillan $9.95)

In the 70s the Horror Decade, fear of possession has been the operative paranoid fantasy, running through movies as diverse as *The Exorcist*, *Carrie* and *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. The pivotal movie in the genre during the decade, George Romero's *Night of the Living Dead*, was actually made in 1968, but became a cult object in the early 70s on the midnight-showing circuits. Underlying its horror (zombies on cannibalistic forages) was a jaundiced view of the victims themselves. Hip to this, other directors such as Brian De Palma (*Phantom of the Paradise*, *The Fury*) took Romero's lead and churned out comic horror shows satirically combining terror and tackiness. Romero himself dramed more blood out of it in his vampire movie *Martin* (*Maclean's*, Nov. 13) now has it back with *Night of the Living Dead*'s sequel *Dawn of the Dead*, not yet released but in book form. It's a terrific sea.

Sleep did not come easily to Francine Parker. It begins in a parody of pulp fiction. The living dead, including children with dripping and gaping mouths, are at it again, causing a national state of emergency. Survival instincts on overdrive. Fran, her boyfriend Steve, his Vietnam veteran friend Roger and his black buddy Peter head in a whirlybird out of Philadelphia into the country. Romero's flash of inspiration is to have them land on a shopping mall and hole up there.

Dawn of the Dead is a modern-day *Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, when the survivors ensconce themselves, they're overpowered by the tempting treasures of "Shoppers' Paradise." In the great set piece of the book, they turn all the power on and it turns into a garish carnival of consumerism—the pet shop starts squawking, floor displays begin revolving, Muzak drones, escalators roll and the living dead, like shoppers on a Saturday bump into one another or tumble down escalators. One woman zombie outside unknowingly streaks a cord and its toaster with her foot. The survivors keep raiding the store. Fran gets a mink coat.

Romero, with his helper, writes as though he's holding a camera, which admittedly may not be the best way to write. *Dawn of the Dead*, though, may be the best sneak preview ever, and unmatched for gruesomeness. What Romero is really up to is to show how we have all become slaves to the sensory messages sent out to us, how consumerism has clawed its way into consciousness. Catastrophe closing in, Fran sets up home. She had chosen a pale wood butcher-block table with four rush-seated chairs; nearby was a matching breakfront. "Intent on living tacky till the bitter end."

Lawrence O'Toole

Love's labor times three

GET OUT YOUR HANDKERCHIEFS
Directed by Bertrand Blier

"You're driving me crazy, but I love you," Raoul (Gérard Depardieu) tells his doe-eyed, sleepy wife Solange (Carole Laure) who has recently retreated into some mysterious corner of herself. Thwarted to the hilt, Raoul



Laure: withdrawn, turning stone to flesh

nabs a man a few tables away, Stephane (Patrick Dewaere), insisting that he sleep with her to "bring back her smile." Despite the double duty eventually lavished on her, Solange isn't moved. She keeps having her fainting spells—in bed, on a train, at a concert. She just sits and knits. Raoul and Stephane look at her work reverentially, as though it were the Bayeux Tapestry. They're entranced by her but can't reach her. Driven to distraction by their inability to satisfy her—or give her a child—they play off their feelings of manly extravagance on each other, becoming buddies comically pondering the mystery of their shared Gioconda.

Somewhere between a farce and a fairy tale, *Get Out Your Handkerchiefs* veers off in the most unexpected, origi-

feet), bringing their impressive reputations and incongruous personalities to a bit of pastry called *Agatha*.

The plot (confected by critic Kenneth Tynan's wife, Kathleen) proposes a solution to the unexplained disappearance, for 11 days in 1926, of mystery writer Agatha Christie. We shall say only that the film's murder scheme is, mmm, fiendishly clever, and involves the one surprise ending Mrs. Christie never used in her whodunits—but which can be found (we will tantalize, just a bit) in Aaron Latham's CIA thriller, *Orchids for Mother*. It's a pleasant enough short-story conceit, and could have been an engaging episode on *Not Quite Masterpiece Theatre*. But stretched out to 98 minutes, the idea begins to look emaciated. And with two genuine stars towering over the material (he figuratively, she literally), even the seeker after that most honorable of movie pleasures—a good time—is likely to say, "Nice. But why bother?"

Michael Apted's retort might well be that it's not just a mystery, it's a love story between the missing authoress and the American newsman hot on her trail (sort of *It Happened One Fortnight*) and that a love story must have atmosphere. There's atmosphere aplenty in *Agatha*: period cars and clothes, '20s songs on the soundtrack and, everywhere, enough vapory mists to cure even Karl Malden's sinuses. To get the underlit, cinnamon look he wanted, Apted engaged Bertolucci's cameraman, Vittorio Storaro—but to what end? You could achieve pretty much the same effect by holding a large maple leaf in front of a 25-watt bulb shining on an old radio that is broadcasting reruns of *I Love A Mystery*.

Redgrave the Magnificent, with her great-lady smile and little-girl gestures, suggests both a passion and an intelligence that, if transferred to Agatha Christie, would have made the mystery writer a first-rate novelist. And Hoffman is his usual, gravely droll self. You would never guess from his performance that, until the last minute, he refused to participate in the dubbing of his lines, the producers had been prepared to hire a Rich Little-type impressionist to complete the task. It might have proved interesting. ("Frankly, Mrs. Christie, I don't give a damn." "Hey, Stella,—I mean, Agatha." "I may be a reporter, inspector, but I'm not a crook.")

Isn't there something a tad tawdry about speculation on the private lives of public people? In fiction, and in the movies, of course, anyone is fair game. And, after all, did you hear about what happened when the fugitive Patty Hearst met Idi Amin in Monte Carlo? Kristy McNichol and James Earl Jones are set to do the movie.

Richard Corliss



Redgrave, Hoffman: a bit of pastry

nal directions—a lyric work in a class of its own. The form is refined but the material's giddy and loose-jointed. Though he's a classic chauvinist, Raoul still woxes poetic about his wife. He explains to Stephane the quiet excitement of lying beside Solange, aware of



Laure and Riton: how to explain such things?

the warm intricate machine underneath the noiseless exterior of her sleeping form. His monologue, like so much of *Handkerchiefs*, touches upon the fascination people have for each other, sexually and emotionally. As in Truffaut's *Jules and Jim* (to which it bears more than a few resemblances), the ménage à trois turns into an idyll—as jazzy and exuberant as Scott Fitzgerald's and Zelda's—that spills out over the screen.

Bertrand Blier *(Going Places)*, who wrote as well as directed, engineers a dramatic shift halfway through the movie: at a summer camp Solange finds both someone to satisfy *and* a child—a 13-year-old genius named Christian (Riton). The idyll becomes overcast, threatens to turn sour. Christian hasn't yet begun to operate on the same assumptions about women and love that Raoul and Stephane do. Solange, nervous about having an affair with a 13-year-old, still doesn't want him to convert to their view for the rest of his life. (One of the most memorable scenes is the hauntingly beautiful Carole Laure walking into a dormitory in the middle of the night and kissing Christian as the rest of the boys in their pyjamas look on in awe and intoxication.)

Handkerchiefs is an ode to the odd behavior of people in love, and if it isn't the way we actually behave, it's the way we would like to. It's scatty, witty and exhilarating, and up its busy, billowy sleeve is an endless stock of surprises.

Lawrence O'Toole

Theatre

A play on a play on a play

Dress rehearsal in a small Toronto alternate theatre. Harassed director pleads with harassed cast to sit down and talk rationally like adults. "But we're not adults—we're actors."



King and her attendant: a star is wigged

comes the desperate reply. *Jitters*, David French's first original work in four years, is a funny, perceptive look at the most precarious of lifestyles. The combination of French, Bill Glassco and the Tarragon Theatre has, in the past, been effective—*Leaving Home* and *Of the Fields Lately* are staples of the Canadian theatre. This time it is dazzlingly effective. The Vancouver Playhouse and the Kawartha Festival have already asked for production rights.

Cast, director, writer, even stage manager and assistants are about to be thrown into the personalized hell's den of the Big New York Producer, who will sit in judgment at the opening performance of *The Care and Treatment of Roses*. *Jitters* opens in the middle of *Roses*, a rather sentimental, stylish melodrama with its beige-on-beige set and hanging plants. Abruptly, lights go up, the baby-faced, jack-in-the-box director (Miles Potter) stomps from the audience onto the set, demanding that one of the actors "please stop shuffling your feet." With the reply, "But I'm trying to show nervous anxiety," we are plunged into a berserk world of tenuous egos, instant loves and hates, contradictory interpretations of part and script (and life), all complicated by the vagaries of faulty props and lost lines. Illusion and reality are almost incestuously related.

Much of the friction centres on one irascible Patrick Flanagan, played with machine-gun energy and flat snappy Irish vowels by David Calderisi, who convincingly effects an impulsive Italian lover in *Roses*. Charmion King as Jess, hoping to make her New York comeback, delivers one searing speech, occasioned largely by a wig that makes her resemble an "octogenarian kewpie doll," but is also a scapegoat for fear and disappointment. Philip Mastorakis (Les Carlson), the resurrected actor, manages by simply acting himself in *Roses*—bumbling, lovable, terrified—to become the critic's darling—an astute commentary on theatre reviewing.

A sense of pacing, structure and some ingenuity of design (David Moe's set turns backside front) contribute to a wisely subdued second act in the dressing rooms. Revealed is how cruelly communal the theatre is for its essentially lonely and vulnerable people—particularly for playwrights, guardians of the language, who still agonize over every nuance in this age of jointly evolved scripts. With incisive depiction of character and brilliant verbal wit, *Jitters* testifies to a Canadian theatre tradition finally sophisticated enough to laugh at itself.

Patricia Keeney Smith

Now any small business can afford great-looking copies.



Introducing the affordable desk-top by Pitney Bowes.

Until recently office copiers that produced top-quality results have been priced beyond the means of most small businesses. But now Pitney Bowes has come up with a fast, dependable, inexpensive machine that delivers crisp, snappy results—copy after copy.

The new 458 is engineered simply for unbeatable reliability and economy. It omits costly temperamental built-ins that lower-volume users don't need. Since you don't buy frills, you don't pay to keep them working. And you save from less down time—often the greatest economy of all.

Finally, the 458 copier is designed to make life easier for everybody who uses it. Convenient, flexible, simple to maintain and service.

For a free demonstration in your own office, just send us the completed coupon. It's a show you can't afford to miss.

To: Pitney Bowes of Canada Ltd., Dept. 1392, 150 Ferrand Drive, Don Mills, Ont. M3C 3B5
Please contact me to arrange a free demonstration in my office of the new 458 copier.
Name
Title
Company
Street
City
Province Code
Phone

Pitney Bowes

Sixty offices across Canada. Postage Meters. Mailing Systems. Copiers. Collators. Addresserprinters. Counters and Imprinters.

Wacky's formula: never whine, never complain, just pretend your critics don't even exist



By Allan Fotheringham

All the great ones have a certainty of purpose. It would never *occur* to them that they might be wrong. They press on, secure in the knowledge that the rest of the ignorant world eventually will catch up with their mental processes. William Andrew Cecil Bennett had that certainty. Like John Diefenbaker, he was defeated a half dozen times in attempts at public office before he could get elected the first time. Tries for federal Conservative nominations, for provincial seats, for local Tory positions. All fell flat. As with Def, all it did was strengthen the resolve. Destiny awaited. When W A C Bennett, who died on the weekend, finally did achieve power, it mattered little to him that the vehicle was a kooky populist collection of funny-money artistes under the grab-bag title of Social Credit. The vehicle was unimportant; paramount was the man and his mission.



There was the grand vision. The man known to the rest of Canada as "Wacky" Bennett for the 20 years he governed British Columbia, pictured by cartoonists as a bumpkin in a homburg, never wavered from his sweeping concepts. His tactics were often mean and petty, but the design was vast. Critics were too trifling even to be answered. Over the years that this reporter sat in his office for a chat—the same reporter who gleefully caricatured his party as a bumbling gang of woolhats and numbskulls and who referred in print to the man on the other side of the desk as Premier Whack C. Bombast—he never once even acknowledged that he knew what my occupation was, or that he had ever read a single word I had written. Newspaper carpers, in the sweep of things, were insignificant. He never whined, never complained—he used instead the most effective weapon any politician can use: he pretended you didn't exist.

It was symbolic that the first political gathering he attended, as a boy of 11 in New Brunswick, was a torchlight procession to burn an effigy of Sir Wilfrid Laurier on his defeat by Robert Borden. He never forgot that and, 45 years later, realizing the media age's fascination with a good fire, shot a burning arrow into a raft on Okanagan Lake piled high with "bonds" in a hokum ceremony to signify that B.C.'s "debt" was wiped out. From afar, he appeared a clown. Up close, he was the most shrewd politician ever produced in B.C., a book-end of the country along with that other sly showman, Joey Smallwood.

The vision did not waver. When the private power monopoly refused to bow to him, he turned instant socialist and confiscated B.C. Electric—eerily passing the emergency legislation as the funeral rortege containing the body of the power company chairman passed the now-nationalized headquarters. When the ferries went on strike, he seized them too, arguing effectively that in waterbound B.C., ferry routes were merely extensions of the highway system and therefore must be publicly owned. His B.C. Railway, fingering through the muskeg and forests of the north, dragged the resources of the hinterland to tidewater and created instant towns (and instant Socred voters) in the bush.

He had the simplicity of someone who drew his strength from small-town virtues. "City states always collapsed," he said. "They did in Greece, and they will anywhere else because they're built on themselves." One day in his office he swept a contemptuous arm at a mention of all those businessmen in high glass towers in Vancouver: "Know what they're doing? All they're doing is cross-filing sawdust through a knot hole." A classic description of modern office life that will always cling.

It would explain why he, a teetotaler, would in the Depression personally finance the Capozzi family winery in his beloved Okanagan Valley: though the grape would never touch his lips, the winery would help sustain his town of Kelowna. It didn't matter to him, after deserting the Tory party on a matter of principle, that his route to power lay with, as one historian described it, "a drab collection of monetary fetishists, British Israelites, naturopaths, chiropractors, preachers, pleaders and anti-Semites" whose founder had been a major with the Ninth Gurkha Rifles of the Indian Army. It soon became the Bennett party. Bennett knew where he wanted to go. He urged, in the 1930s, formation of a central bank and, once the Bank of Canada was established, was outraged that he, an unknown hardware merchant from Kelowna, B.C., was not accepted on the board. It fuelled his resentment of central Canada and, though it took him 40 years, he got his revenge on the charter banks. He formed the Bank of B.C.

He was ruthless in politics, soft on people. As a premier who cried openly in the legislature over the mushy sentimentality of Rev. Phil Gaglardi, he eventually was done in by his own loyalty in his 1972 defeat as Gaglardi knifed him publicly. The NDP's Dave Barrett, who succeeded him as premier, says, "The one thing I learned from Bennett is how to kill. The time to kick a politician is when he's down." There are those who think both Barrett and Premier Bill Bennett have been unalterably scarred by their exposure to the old man's dominance. They forever will remain preachers of his style.

He purposely sought the enmity of the establishment, knowing that was the key to the kingdom. Nobody liked him but the people. He would have been 79 in a few months, as old as the century. He was eccentric, stubborn, proud—just like the province he loved.



'Now that's Triple Crown.'

Triple Crown. The whisky for the light drinker.



For people with a taste for something better.

Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked—avoid inhaling.
Av. per cigarette: King Size: 18 mg "tar", 1.2 mg nicotine. Regular: 14 mg "tar", 0.9 mg nicotine.